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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF PIUS IX.

CHAPTER XII.—*The private character of the Pontiff.—Instances of his charity and benevolence.*

IN the last chapter we alluded briefly to that paternal charity and benevolence, which have so pre-eminently distinguished the character of Pius IX. Again we invite the attention of our readers to some additional instances of these amiable traits, which have endeared his name to the Christian world, and elicited the admiration not only of Catholics, but also of those who belong not to the Catholic fold. Generally speaking, the more exalted a man's dignity is, the more arduous is his life. There is less freedom in the palace of the prince than in the dwelling of the humblest laborer. The highest dignity on earth is without contradiction that of the Pope—the supreme head of religion, high priest of God, bishop and pastor of all the faithful, the spiritual father of monarchs, as well as of their subjects. There is no man who leads a more austere life than the Pope, more laborious, more toilsome, and more difficult. From morning till night, and from the first till the last day of the year, he is literally a slave to the sublime duties of his calling. If this be true in regard to the Sovereign Pontiffs generally, it is particularly so in regard to Pius IX. The correspondent of a French paper, *Reveu de la Presse*, writing from Rome under recent date, gives the following interesting particulars of the labors, the duties, and virtues of Pius IX :

“You are, perhaps anxious to know, how the day passes with the Pope. Our Holy Father, Pope Pius IX, is a handsome and majestic old man of a tall commanding figure, a countenance mild and earnest, and a voice sonorous and sympathetic. The palace which he inhabits is called the Vatican, and adjoins the basilica of St. Peter. The vast halls of the Vatican are magnificently and yet simply decorated; the walls are all covered with scarlet, and except the Pontifical throne, there are no other seats but arm chairs of wood. After a long range of apartments, the first of which are set apart for the attendants and the guard, according to their rank, and the next for the different persons that compose the Pope's household, we come to the part especially designed for his Holiness. These apartments are small and more simple still than the rest. The first is the study of the Holy Father. There every day he grants the numerous audiences of which we shall speak presently. He is seated in an arm chair,

richly gilt, and covered with scarlet velvet; before him is a large square table, covered with silk of the same color as the walls; above the chair is suspended a dais or canopy of the same dye, emblazoned with the Pontifical and royal arms; the stools or ottomans for the Cardinals and the Princes, then two or three seats of wood, and you have the entire furniture of this cabinet.

This first chamber communicates with a second, perfectly like it, except that at its end there is a bed draped with red silk. This is the Pope's bedchamber. Then there is a third apartment, the dining-room, again furnished in the same manner. The Holy Father always eats alone, from a table covered with red silk, like that in his study. The last of the suite is the library, a large and handsome apartment with four or five windows; it is here that the Pope usually holds his council of ministers.

His Holiness is always attired in white, and wears on his head a *calotte* or cap of white silk; his soutane is of blue cloth in winter, or light woolen and white silk in summer. His large belt or girdle, is also of white silk with tassels of gold. His slippers which still retain the ancient name of *mules*, are red, with a cross embroidered on the instep of the foot. It is this cross which is always kissed by those who approach the Vicar of Christ.

When the Pope goes forth from his chamber he puts over his soutane a lace surplice, a purple cape trimmed with white fur, and which is called *mosette*, and lastly a stole embroidered with gold. He covers his head with a large hat of red silk, a little turned up on each side, and ornamented with a gold tassel. The usage of the Pontifical court does not permit him to appear in the streets except in a carriage; beyond the city gates he often takes long walks on foot, delighting to stop on his way to speak to the poor and the children, and giving his holy benediction to all whom he meets. The moment the Pope is seen those who meet him uncover and prostrate themselves before him, in testimony of the respect due to the character of the Supreme Pontiff.

The Holy Father rises at an early hour. After prayers he proceeds to his chapel to celebrate the holy Mass. This chapel is small, and near the Pope's apartment. The Holy Sacrament is always kept there, and Pio Nono in his devotion towards the Divine Eucharist watches himself over the replenishment of the two lamps that burn perpetually before the tabernacle. He celebrates the Mass slowly and in a saintly manner; his august visage is often bathed in tears, whilst he holds in his hands the hidden God whose Vicar he is. Ordinarily he says Mass at half past seven, and is present repeating acts of thanksgiving at a second Mass celebrated by one of his chaplains. Then he recites on his knees, with one of the prelates of his suite, a part of the Breviary, and afterwards returns to his apartment.

The Pope's breakfast consists of a simple cup of coffee, without milk. Italian sobriety is proverbial, and this is the first meal of nearly all the Romans. Up to about ten o'clock the Holy Father is engaged every day with his Prime Minister, or Secretary of State. He is the person who has the principal charge of the temporal affairs of the States of the Church.

At ten o'clock the audiences commence—a most laborious task, which would be extremely onerous, exhausting, and wearying if they did not relate to questions of the highest importance, and the most grave interests of religion and society at large. Cardinals, Bishops, Princes, Ambassadors, Priests, and the faithful come from every part of the world, laying before the feet of the Head

of the Church their requests, their homage, or their wants. The Pope remains seated during all these audiences. In his presence every one remains kneeling or standing; the Cardinals and Princes alone having the privilege of resting themselves on the ottomans. On entering this presence-chamber of the Pope the persons admitted perform three genuflexions; the first at the threshold, the second after having advanced half way, and the third at the Pope's feet; they then kiss his feet or his hand, after which ceremonies the audience commences. As soon as this is over the Holy Father rings a little hand bell, and another visitor is announced, and at once introduced by one of the prelates in attendance. Gentlemen alone are thus admitted into the Pope's apartments by an invariable rule. As to ladies, they are admitted to an audience once or twice a week, in a spacious saloon forming part of the museums of the Vatican.

The forenoon audiences last generally more than four hours in succession. When finished, at about two or half-past two o'clock, the Pope proceeds to his dining-hall and partakes of a frugal repast. Then he recites again on his knees, the remainder of his Breviary; and after some brief moments of repose he drives out to take a little exercise. Often the destination of these recreative drives is some venerable sanctuary where a feast is celebrated, some hospital, or some prison. If the weather is unfavorable, the Holy Father contents himself with walking for a short time in his library or in the covered corridors of the Vatican. At the close of the day, indicated in Italy by the sound of the *Angelus*, and hence called the *Ave Maria*, the Pope re-enters his palace, recites with his suite the Angelical Salutation, adding the *De Profundis* for all the faithful departed who have died during the day throughout the world. The audiences are then recommenced. Papers are here submitted to his Holiness for signature; the decrees of the different Roman Congregations who share among themselves the supervision of the religious affairs of the whole Catholic world, are next laid before the Pope for his sovereign approval and final decision. These audiences continue till ten or eleven o'clock at night, after which the Holy Father takes a slight collation, consisting of some fruit and vegetables; he then finishes the recital of his Breviary, and afterwards takes some hours repose, so saintly and laboriously earned. With very rare exceptions, such are the days of the Pope. A life like this, notwithstanding the honors which attend it, is a continued subjection, an incessant abnegation of himself." If his life is laborious, his charity is unbounded.

The following instances of this amiable virtue, which we take from Mr. Maguire's excellent book on Rome and its Ruler, will enable our readers to judge of the noble qualities that adorn the soul of Pius IX :

"Shortly after his return to Rome, from his temporary exile at Gaeta, the Queen of Spain sent him, as a mark of her respect, a splendid tiara, which was valued at 50,000 scudi—a very large sum, even when represented by English money. The Pope accepted the princely gift, but gave immediate orders that its value, to the full amount, should be distributed to the poor, to the aged, and the sick, and in such a manner and through such channels as would be certain to produce the most beneficial results.

I have heard of numbers of instances of the impulsive generosity with which he responds to appeals to his compassion, all equally indicative of the charity of his disposition.

In the month of October last, a poor family fell into distress, in consequence of the illness of one of its principle members, and were unable to bear up against the expenses in which they necessarily became involved. In their affliction they appealed to the Pope—applied by petition; and the answer, after inquiry made into the facts of the case, was a prompt gift of 50 scudi. Similar appeals, daily and hourly made, produce similar or even greater results.

A little time before that, a certain person applied to the Holy Father for an office of some importance, that would have been of the greater consequence to him, from the reduced circumstances into which he and his family had fallen. Unfortunately, the office, which was in the gift of the Holy Father, had been previously promised to another; but so keenly did the Pope feel for the disappointment which a refusal must inevitably inflict on his suitor, that he sent him 1000 scudi as a compensation for his loss, and as a means of relieving his necessities.

Not more than a few days previous to my arrival in Rome, a venerable pensioner, who had once held some small office, not being able to provide himself with certain comforts suited to his extreme age and ailing condition, without involving himself inextricably in debt, applied to the Pope for assistance, and, to his surprise, at once received *eight years'* amount of his pension *in advance*; although no insurance company in the world would have valued his life at more than a year's purchase.

I had an opportunity of witnessing the manner in which the alms given from the private purse of the Holy Father are distributed, and the gratitude with which they are received. Speaking on one occasion to a kind friend, to whose courtesy and whose intelligent mode of communicating information I had been equally indebted, on a subject interesting to us both—namely, the character of the Pope, and especially his charity and benevolence—he suddenly said,—‘Perhaps you would have no objection to discharge for me a little commission with which I have been intrusted. It is to give a small sum from His Holiness to a poor family. The father, an old man, sent a petition some time since to the Quirinal, imploring assistance; and, on inquiry being made, the case was found to be a deserving one.’ We—for I was accompanied by a young Irish clergyman—immediately expressed our willingness to act as temporary almoners of the Papal bounty; and the sum of 15 scudi—more than 3*l.*—was handed to us. At our earliest convenience, we proceeded to the house, which was in one of the narrowest streets in the city—the very description of street that Tacitus tells us was considered the most agreeable to the Romans of his day, with lofty houses on each side, affording ample protection against the raging heat of the noonday sun. Ascending massive stone steps, which seemed to go to the top floor of the building, we came to the landing indicated in our instructions. The door was freely opened to our summons; and on entering, we were at once convinced that the necessity was as pressing as the aid was timely. There was nothing of that squalid poverty which as often exhibits the absence of all self-respect as the presence of intense destitution; on the contrary, the apartments, while most scantily furnished, were scrupulously clean. But the head of the family, a fine venerable old man, who might have sat to a painter as a model for one of the Apostles, was past the years of labor; and a daughter seemed, from the supernatural brightness of her eye, the peculiar hollowiness of her cheek, and her wasted mouth, to be far on the road to a happier world. We

explained the object of our visit, and produced the little roll of gold pieces with which we had been intrusted. The glitter of the gold brought happiness to the heart of that poor family, for it spoke of unaccustomed comforts and momentary abundance; and food and clothing are positive happiness to the poor. In an ecstasy of gratitude, the mother and her children flung aside the needle-work with which they had been employed, rushed to us, seized our hands, and kissed them with graceful gestures; at the same time murmuring blessings on the head of their good and merciful Father and Pope. We felt convinced that the family, thus temporarily relieved, would be cared for by one of those noble charitable confraternities which abound in Rome, and are the glory of the Church.

I was told of a somewhat curious application made to the Pope by a poor countryman of my own. Writing to His Holiness from England, he informed him that he had lost the use of his limbs, and that he wished him, as the successor of St. Peter, to bid him 'Stand up and walk,' as Saint Peter did to the lame man, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. This singular letter was referred to the Pope, who immediately sent ten dollars to the writer, at the same time informing him that he had not the miraculous powers of Saint Peter.

And in an audience with which I was honored by the Holy Father, I had a good opportunity of understanding the strange and varied character of the petitions poured in upon him daily, to the very necessary exercise of his exhaustless patience. In the course of the audience, the Pope took up a large package or bundle of papers from the desk-table by which he stood for the whole time, and, with a smile full of singular sweetness, not however unmingled with humor, he said,—'These are all I have got this morning.' And surely they were sufficient, and rather more than a first-rate London barrister could conveniently 'read up' before going to court. Two or three of the documents were, in fact, as bulky and voluminous as chancery briefs. And the most voluminous of these was the contribution of a lady, who evidently desired to take the Holy Father into her confidence upon the most delicate of all questions to her sex—marriage. Her inclinations tended decidedly in that direction; but there were 'difficulties' in the way—and with these she managed to fill sheet after sheet of respectably-sized paper. The Pope read several passages of this formidable petition, and glanced at its various heads, and laid it aside with a meaning smile, and a gesture expressive of more than a suspicion of his correspondent's state of mind. Another petition was for no less a sum than 150 dollars; and this 'very moderate demand,' as, with quiet humor, the Holy Father termed it, appeared to be based upon no other justification than the alleged fact, that such a sum would be just then particularly convenient to the petitioner. But there were others, praying for mercy, or asking for assistance in cases of real distress. And as the good Pope glanced at these, a look of tender compassion chased away for the moment the sweet smile that played about his mouth, and the light of genuine humor that sparkled in his mild blue eye. It evidently was an easy matter to touch the heart of Pius IX. These petitions were to be handed over to a confidential secretary, by whom a *resume* of their contents was to be prepared for the future inspection and decision of the Pope. And this he explained in the simplest and most unaffected manner—in fact, as if he were the equal of those who then regarded him with reverential homage, the more profound because of his virtues, of his pure and noble nature, than on

account of his exalted temporal rank, as the first of Christian Sovereigns, or of his sublime spiritual dignity, as Vicar of Christ.

I could fill a volume of well authenticated facts illustrative of the tender and compassionate disposition of one who, in this as in many other respects, is recognised by all that know him to be a type and model of the noblest of Christian virtues. Let it not be imagined that my information is by any means exclusively derived from those whose personal veneration for the Holy Father might be considered to influence their judgment. Such is not the fact; for I have heard English Protestants, who have not a single feeling in common with the religion of which he is the head, and whose prejudices are strongly opposed to the form of government now existing in Rome, speak of the Pope with the utmost respect and veneration. A most intelligent Englishman, of the class I indicate, was speaking to me with respect to certain reforms which he deemed absolutely necessary—not great organic changes, but reforms in administration—and he wound up by saying: ‘But as for the Pope, I verily believe there is not a kinder, or better, or purer man living on the earth—there can be only one opinion about him.’

Then as to his personal bearing, even to the humblest, no other Sovereign approaches him in this respect. No matter what may be the object for which an audience is sought of the Pope, whether of business or charity—to prefer a charge, or obtain favor—no matter for what it may be, the same kindness and courtesy are exhibited to all persons, and on all occasions.

A most remarkable case in point occurred in the course of the last year, which, in its simple and unaffected goodness, puts to shame those exhibitions of mock sympathy for the poor African slave in which it is the fashion now-a-days to indulge. A family of French extraction brought with them from New Orleans a female slave of pure African blood. Had this poor woman desired to do so, she might have made herself free; for long before the cry for the emancipation of the Negro was heard in England, a Pope had declared that in the Roman States ‘no slaves could be.’ Having been brought up a Catholic, she wished to be confirmed; which she eventually was, in the chapel of the French Nuns of the Sacred Heart, by Archbishop Bedini. It afterwards occurred to her mistress that it would be a great comfort to the good creature if she were allowed to stand somewhere so as to get the Pope’s blessing as he passed. His Holiness was informed of the matter; to which he replied,—‘I will think about it.’ The next day, a papal dragoon was seen riding up and down the Via Condotti, making inquiries at various places for ‘Mademoiselle Marguerite,’ for whom he had a letter of audience with the first Sovereign of the world! Not finding Mademoiselle Marguerite in the Via Cordotti, the dragoon became somewhat perplexed how to execute his commission. At last he said to himself,—‘Oh, this is one of those French or English devotees, and they will know something of her at the convent of Trinita di Marti.’ To that convent he accordingly proceeded, and was there told that his letter would be safely delivered to the right person. At the appointed hour, the sable-visaged Marguerite found herself in the midst of a company of the high-born, the rich, and the beautiful, who were waiting to pay their Easter homage. The Pope was long and privately engaged. But when he was at length free, the first name called was that of ‘Mademoiselle Marguerite.’ One may imagine the feelings of awe and reverence with which the poor despised child of Africa prostrated herself at the

feet of the successor of Peter. A voice of touching sweetness and gentleness soon inspired her with confidence. 'My child,' said the Pope, 'there are many great people waiting, but I wish to speak to you first. Though you are the least upon earth, you may be the greatest in the sight of God.' He then conversed with her for twenty minutes. He asked her about her condition, her fellow slaves, her hardships. 'I have many hardships,' she replied; 'but since I was confirmed, I have learned to accept them as the will of God.' He exhorted her to persevere, and to do good in the condition in which she was placed; and he then gave her his blessing. He blessed her, and blessed 'all those about her;' so that this poor despised slave carried with her, from that memorable interview, greater courage and stronger fortitude to bear up against her yoke of suffering and humiliation.

A beautiful feature in the character of Pius IX. is his benignity. From it springs that thoughtful consideration for the feelings of others which ever distinguishes him, and of which an instance has been given in the case of one whom prejudice—aye, and prejudice deep-rooted in the breasts of those who boast of their Christianity—accounts, if not actually infamous, at least destined by nature for prosecution and degradation.

To children especially he is gentleness itself. He delights to engage them in conversation, as he meets them in his walks outside the city, or in its more retired districts. But he never fails to inquire as to their knowledge of the catechism, and their progress in education; and if he find that the object of his scrutiny is ignorant, or in danger of falling into an evil course, either through having bad or negligent parents, or from being unprotected, he at once gives orders to one of his attendants,—which orders ensure to the child the benefit of a good education, or the protection of a safe asylum.

To students he is affable and familiar as he was in his bishopric of Imola, or while yet a simple priest. In the early part of last Autumn he had a number of the students of every ecclesiastical college in Rome to dine with him. This was an act of condescension altogether unusual, as the Pope almost invariably dines alone; but such is the special kindness which he feels towards the students of the Irish College, that more of their body enjoyed the distinction than of any other college, that is, in proportion to their relative numbers."

THE POOR IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

They, in whose hearts those mighty times have wrought
 Most deeply, have upon their aspect gazed
 As on an eclipse, with their eye upraised
 Through the subduing mean of sombre thought,
 And then it is a very fearful vision
 To see the uncounted poor, who strayed forlorn
 As an untended herd, with natures worn
 To heartlessness through every day collision
 With arrogance and wrong. Proud knights, fair dames,
 And all the pomp of old chivalric names,
 Fade, like a mimic show, from off the past;
 And to the Christian's eye ungathered flowers
 Of suffering meekly borne, in lowliest bowers,
 With solemn life fill in the populous waste.

OUR CONVENTS.—No. XX.

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE CROSS.

THIS order, recently introduced into Louisiana, was founded nevertheless in the middle of the seventeenth century in France, and regards as its great patrons in its origin, two eminent persons whose names are inseparably connected with the religious annals of Canada, we mean the Dutchess D'Aiguillon, and the Commander Noel Brulart de Sillery.* But while thus brought into relation with America, it claims as a higher glory that its foundress in establishing the first community followed a counsel of Saint Francis de Sales, and in maintaining it was guided by Saint Vincent de Paul. It may thus claim a spiritual kindred with the Sisters of the Visitation and the Daughters of Charity.

A crime which was perpetrated at Roze, in Picardy, in 1625, induced the Vicar General of the diocese of Amiens to form a community of women, in whose hands the education of girls might be safely placed. Four virtuous maidens, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Guérin, directed the schools, and devoted themselves to other works of mercy, till 1636, when war and difficulties drove them to Vaugirard. Hence the Jesuit Father de Lingendes introduced them to Mary Luillier, Madame de Villeneuve, a pious and wealthy widow, whom the holy Bishop of Geneva had frequently urged to found a community of sisters, to be devoted to teaching. This excellent lady took the direction of the Daughters of the Cross, and placed them at Brie-Comte-Robert, whence a filiation was soon made to Paris. Mr. Guerin had given them a rule as secular, but though he came to Paris on Madame Villeneuve's instance, and obtained a regular income through the Commander de Sillery, he would not enter into her plans for the introduction of simple vows. This led to a division of the institute. The house at Brie-Comte-Robert, followed the rule of Mr. Guerin, and continued its good work. That at Vaugirard was erected in 1640 into a congregation by Archbishop de Gondy, and authorized by the civil power in 1642, when Madame de Villeneuve and her sisters took the simple vows of poverty, chastity, obedience, and stability, in the hands of Rev. Mr. Froget, parish priest of St. Nicholas-de-Chardonnet. She then acquired the Hotel des Tournelles in the Rue St. Antoine in Paris, which she made the mother house. Guided by the eminent St. Vincent de Paul, she adapted the rule to the new state, and governed the congregation with great wisdom till her death, January 15, 1650, and extended it to Ruel, where she founded a house through the liberality of the Dutchess d'Aiguillon, who had already aided her to purchase the house in Paris, and who subsequently contributed greatly to their success.

After the death of Madame de Villeneuve, the congregation fell into great difficulties, and would have been suppressed but for the earnest endeavors of

* The Dutchess d'Aiguillon was a niece of Cardinal Richelieu, and not only contributed by bountiful alms to the Jesuit missions in Canada, but founded the Hotel Dieu at Quebec; Noel Brulart de Sillery, a Commander of Malta aided the missions and founded that of St. Joseph's, which took, however, his name, Sillery, since removed to St. Francis'.

the holy founder of the Priests of the Mission. He maintained it, and by securing a new mother in the person of Madame Anne Petau, he gave it a life and vigor that revolutions and civil convulsions have not been able to extinguish.

Under the impulse thus given it spread to Moulins, Narbonne, Tréguier, Aiguillon, Saint Brieuc, Saint Flour, Limoges, and other parts, where the sisters encouraged by the approbation of the Holy See, for their congregation was confirmed in 1688, by Cardinal de Vendome, legate *a latere* of Pope Clement IX, continued their labors down to the French revolution. Then many houses were dispersed totally; others but for a time. A few seemed to have escaped entirely, and among these that of Tréguier, founded in 1666, by Bishop Granger. In 1820, this community removed to Guingamp, but in 1833 sent a filiation to their time honored convent whence a series of petty persecutions had driven them.

The Right Rev. Augustus Martin, on his appointment to the See of Natchetoches, applied to the Sisters of Tréguier with whose institute he was well acquainted, for a filiation for his diocese, and ten sisters arrived at New York, in November, 1855, and proceeded at once to Louisiana, by the way of St. Louis. They established their first house at Avoyelles, where their academy under the skilful direction of Mother Mary Hyacinthe, the superior, achieved such success that the good bishop earnestly solicited a new colony from France. Five accordingly set out from Tréguier, and embarked at Havre on the 11th of November, 1856; the next day, however, one of the boilers burst, wounding several of the crew. Amid the confusion and terror that prevailed, Sister Mary Agathe and her companions placed all hope in the protection of Mary, and knelt to recite the *Salve Regina*, in which many joined. God did not close his heart to their prayer: the flames were subdued, the vessel reached a port, and a few days after the sisters were again at sea.

Thus recruited the sisters established a second house at Isle Brevelle, which is rendering essential service to the cause of religion, education, and charity. The rule under which the sisters actually live, is that compiled by Mgr. Louis Abelly, Bishop of Rodez, and biographer of St. Vincent de Paul. They devote themselves to all works of charity towards their own sex, especially the spiritual works of mercy. They recite the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, and make the morning and evening meditation in common, have prescribed hours of silence, and fast every Friday. Their habit is a plain black dress, with a white collar, and a silver cross.*

* Helyot—*Histoire des Ordres Relig.*, (Ed. Meigne i, 1173-77). The statement that these sisters had a house in Quebec, containing a hundred sisters, is without a shadow of foundation.

MOZART.

JOHN CHRYSOSTOM WOLFGANG THEOPHILUS AMADEUS MOZART, was born at Salzburg, in Austria, on the 27th of January, 1756. His father was a musician, and was sub-director of the Prince's Chapel, at Salzburg. He also published a work of instructions on the violin. From a very early period of his life young Mozart displayed a remarkable taste for music, and when he was only four years old he gave evidence of possessing a keen sense of musical harmony. His father, therefore, set himself to the assiduous cultivation of the natural gifts of his child, and his intentions were rewarded by young Mozart's rapid improvement, so that at seven years of age he had acquired brilliant execution on the harpsichord and violin.

At this time the youthful musician was brought by his father to Vienna, where Haydn then resided, and which was then at the height of its musical fame. The performances of young Mozart astonished all, and he received the warm commendations of the emperor. He was soon taken to Paris, where he played before Louis XV, and his court, and then was brought to England. In London he gave some concerts, and excited great admiration, the then youthful George III (for it was in 1764), and his queen being amongst his hearers.

Mozart left London in July, 1765, and returned to Germany, and continuing to work hard, he produced an opera before he was thirteen. After some time he visited Italy. The pope conferred on him the knighthood of the Golden Order. It was at this time that Mozart succeeded in the difficult task of committing to memory the music of the *Miserere*, as sung in the Sixtine chapel, and of which no person except those in the choir had a copy. Mozart soon afterwards returned to Germany, where he passed the remainder of his days. The two following strange particulars are told respecting the close of Mozart's life in 1791 :—

In the street Saint Joseph, at Vienna, was a shop of ancient and modern curiosities, occupied by the honest George Rutler. Every week, for a long while, a pale-faced gentleman might have been seen entering it, who, after purchasing some little trinket, would stop and play awhile with the broker's little children. He was well known in person, seemed an old friend, and yet they knew not his name.

One morning, hearing Rutler hushing the noise of his children, he learned that Madame Rutler had given birth, a few hours before, to her twelfth child.

"The twelfth!" said he. "Have you a godfather, Mr. Rutler?"

"Alas, sir; godfathers are not lacking to the children of the rich; but I know not where I shall find one for this poor little new born girl."

"Ah! Suppose, then, I do you the office, and we will call her Gabriella. And, if it please you, I will remit you one hundred florins for the expenses of her baptism. I will not meddle at all with it, and here is my address, that you may let me imagine it when all is ready."

"Ah, sir! But how can I ever repay you for this favor?"

"I ask this only, that you let me sit a few moments at this piano. The thought with which, for a long time, I have endeavored to conclude a musical

composition, has just dashed over me. If I do not try it now, it may escape me entirely."

The good man Rutler places a stool before the instrument; the gentleman seats himself, opens it, and, after a delicate prelude, touches the keys with an expression which proves him a perfect master. In a few moments the passers-by pause at the shop-door; the music acts like a charm upon the little ones, and they no longer need their father's voice to still their cries. All, adults and children, listen, spell-bound, to the heavenly harmony, and they feel that the musician is Mozart himself.

Without giving the least attention to the crowd about him, as soon as he had judged himself of the effects of his inspiration, he took a sheet of paper, traced the air, rose with cheeks more flushed than usual, renewed his offer to his host, and departed.

About three days afterwards, Rutler repaired to the indicated address, but he shuddered when he gained it, for a coffin stood at the door—Mozart was no more! Sad at heart, he returned, and with weeping eyes regarded the piano from whose keys had issued the *last* notes of Mozart; of that *requiem*, the conclusion of which a fatal presentiment had for two months prevented.

The child, of whom he desired to become the godfather, received the name of Gabriella, as he had wished; and when the story became known, the curious ran in crowds to bargain with the broker for that piano which had been but a single time touched by the great genius of German music. It found more than one amateur ready to purchase it, and Rutler sold it finally for four hundred florins, *which was the dowry of Gabriella*.

There is something extremely remarkable in the history of his composing his grand *Requiem*. This is a funeral mass (in D minor). It opens by the dismal notes of the *Corni di basso* mixing with the orchestra, in a stream of mournful, overwhelming pathos. The *Dies Ira* and the *Tuba Mirum* are full of terror, and never were the tromboni so effectively introduced. The *Rez Tremendæ Majestatis*, the *Recordare*, and the *Lux Eterna*, have carried music to its climax in producing sublime sensations.

In one of Mozart's most melancholy fits, in which his wife had in vain endeavored to soothe him, a carriage stopped at the door, and a tall, grave, well-dressed person of impressive deportment was ushered into the room.

"I have been commissioned, sir, by a man of considerable importance, to wait upon you."

"Who is he?" interrupted Mozart, much depressed.

"He does not wish to be known."

"Well, sir, and what does he want?"

"He has just lost a friend whom he tenderly loved, and whose memory will be eternally dear to him. He is anxious to solemnize this loss annually, and he will give you any reward for a *Requiem*. Employ all your genius and feeling, for he is a judge of music, and his affliction is severe."

Mozart was deeply affected by the stranger's mournful and impressive manner, and he briefly consented to write a funeral mass.

"What time do you ask?"

"A month."

"Very well; this day month I shall return. What price do you require?"

"A hundred ducats."

The stranger silently deposited them on the table and withdrew.

Mozart was lost in a fit of melancholy. Presently recovering himself, however, he ardently called for his writing materials, and set about the composition with an intensity which alarmed his family. He wrote day and night; nor could his wife, by her usual entreaties and stratagems, induce him to quit the work. Several times he fainted, and on recovering from one of those attacks, he took his wife by the hand, and looking earnestly at her, said: "This is for my funeral service; this *requiem* is for myself." It was to no purpose his family endeavored to cheer his mind, and destroy this presentiment of his death. His excessive application increased his nervous gloom; and when the return of the stranger was expected, the agitation of poor Mozart was truly distressing.

At length he came, dressed in black, pale, and his countenance as much overcast with sadness as on their first interview.

"I have found it impossible," said Mozart, "to keep my word. The work interests me more than I had imagined. I must have another month."

"In that case, it is but just to increase the reward. Here are fifty ducats more."

"Sir," said Mozart, with increasing astonishment, "who are you, then?"

"That is nothing to your purpose," replied the stranger. "In a month I shall return."

The stranger withdrew, and Mozart despatched a servant to trace whither he went. But the servant failed in his object, and his master became doubly distressed.

An idea now seized the unhappy man that this stranger was a supernatural being, sent to prepare him for death. In vain was the absurdity of the idea demonstrated to him; in vain was he urged by his affectionate wife and attached friends to quiet himself for a month, when the stranger's residence should be demanded or traced.

Fit succeeded to fit, and vision to vision. In the short and painful intervals, Mozart worked upon the *Requiem*. Many parts of the composition afford proofs of his disordered intellect. The *Requiem*, however, was finished.

At the exact expiration of the month the stranger returned—Mozart was lying a corpse!

He died on the 5th of September, A. D., 1791, aged thirty-five years, seven months, and nine days.

The *Requiem* was his funeral service.

Lamp.

A LITTLE WORD.

A little word in love expressed,
A motion or a tear,
Has often healed a heart depressed,
And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth
Full many a budding flower,
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,
Would bless life's darkest hour.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

THOMAS WOLSEY, whose name is so prominently connected with the most important period of the history of the Catholic Church in England, was born at Ipswich, in March, 1471. There seems no reason to suppose a frequently made statement to be true, that his father was a butcher. Young Wolsey was sent at an early age to Oxford, and at fifteen obtained the degree of bachelor. He was soon elected fellow of Magdalen College, and appointed tutor to the three sons of the Marquis of Dorset, and this led to his becoming rector of Lymington, in Somerset. He rose gradually to the rank of being one of the chaplains of Henry VII, and by that King he was rapidly promoted.

After the death of Henry VII, he attached himself to the service of the Bishop of Winchester, at whose recommendation he was intrusted with a secret and delicate negotiation at the German imperial court; and the expedition and address with which he executed his commission, not only justified the discernment of his friend, but also raised the agent in the estimation of his sovereign. Before the death of Henry VII, he had been collated to the deanery of Lincoln, one of the most wealthy preferments in the English church; soon after the commencement of the present reign, we find him exercising the office of almoner to the king, and thus possessing every facility of access to the presence of the young monarch. Henry was captivated with the elegance of his manners, and the gaiety of his disposition. It was soon discovered that the most sure and expeditious way to the royal favor was through the recommendation of the almoner; and foreigners, as well as natives, eagerly solicited, and frequently purchased his patronage. Preferments rapidly poured in upon him. He was made Dean of York, then Bishop of Lincoln; and, on the death of Cardinal Bambridge, succeeded that prelate in the archiepiscopal see of York.

He was made chancellor and papal legate, and having repeatedly solicited additional powers, at length possessed and exercised within the realm almost all the prerogatives of the sovereign pontiff. Nor was his ambition yet satisfied, for at the death of each pope he labored, but in vain, to seat himself in the chair of St. Peter. His love of wealth was subordinate only to his love of power. As chancellor and legate he derived considerable emoluments from the courts in which he presided. He held other profitable appointments, and received pensions from the Pope and from Francis. In justice to his memory it should however be observed, that if he grasped at wealth, it was to spend, not to hoard it. His establishment was on the most princely scale, comprising eight hundred individuals. He spared no expense in his buildings; and, as soon as he had finished the palace of Hampton Court, and furnished it to his taste, he gave the whole to Henry; perhaps the most magnificent present that a subject ever made to his sovereign. He was a minister of consummate address and commanding abilities; greedy of wealth, and power, and glory; anxious to exalt the throne on which his own greatness was built, and the church of which he was so distinguished a member; but capable, in the pursuit of these different objects, of stooping to expedients which sincerity and justice would disavow, and of adopting through indulgence to the caprice and passions of the king,

measures which often involved him in contradictions and difficulties, and ultimately occasioned his ruin. It is acknowledged, however, that he reformed many abuses in the church, and compelled the secular and regular clergy to live according to the canons. His office of chancellor afforded him the opportunity of displaying the versatility and superiority of his talents. He was not, indeed, acquainted with the subtleties and minutiae of legal proceedings, and on that account was careful to avail himself of the knowledge and experience of others; but he always decided according to the dictates of his own judgment; and the equity of his decrees was universally admitted and applauded. To appease domestic quarrels, and reconcile families at variance with each other, he was accustomed to offer himself as a friendly arbitrator between the parties; that the poor might pursue their claims with facility and without expense, he established courts of request; in the ordinary administration of justice, he introduced improvements which were received with gratitude by the country; and he made it his peculiar care to punish with severity those offenders who had defrauded the revenue, or oppressed the people. But his reputation, and the case with which he admitted suits, crowded the Chancery with petitioners; he soon found himself overwhelmed with a multiplicity of business; and the king, to relieve him, established four subordinate courts, of which that under the presidency of the Master of the Rolls is still preserved.

Literature found in the cardinal a constant and bountiful patron. He employed his influence in foreign courts to borrow valuable manuscripts for the purpose of transcription. On native scholars he heaped preferment, and the most eminent foreigners were invited by him to teach in the universities. Both of these celebrated academies were the objects of his care; but Oxford chiefly experienced his munificence in the endowment of seven lectureships, and the foundation of Christ Church, which, though he lived not to complete it, still exists a splendid monument to his memory. As a nursery for this establishment, he erected another college at Ipswich, the place of his nativity. But these occupations at home did not divert his eyes from the shifting scenes of politics abroad. He was constantly informed of the secret history of the continental courts; and his dispatches, of which many are still extant, show that he was accustomed to pursue every event through all its probable consequences; to consider each measure in its several bearings; and to furnish his agents with instructions beforehand for almost every contingency. His great object was to preserve the balance of power between the rival houses of France and Austria; and to this we should refer the mutable politics of the English cabinet, which first deserted Francis to support to the cause of Charles, and when Charles had obtained the ascendancy, abandoned him to repair the broken fortunes of Francis. The consequence was, that as long as Wolsey presided in the council, the minister was feared and courted by princes and pontiffs, and the king held the distinguished station of arbiter of Europe.

The flames of war were unexpectedly rekindled in 1521, between Francis and Charles, in Spain, Italy, and the Netherlands. The contending parties immediately appealed to Henry, and each claim his aid in virtue of treaty. He exhorted each monarch to conclude a peace, and then proposed, that before he should make his election between them, they should appoint commissioners to plead before him, or his deputy. Charles instantly signified his assent. Francis wavered, but, at length, condescended to accept the proffered mediation.

Henry conferred the high dignity of arbitrator on Wolsey, who proceeded to Calais in great state as the representative of his sovereign. The mediation failed, and Wolsey declared that Francis had been the aggressor in the war, and that Henry was bound by treaty to aid his imperial ally.

The deliverance of Milan from the yoke of France, which took place about this time diffused the most extravagant joy throughout the Italian states. The pontiff, Leo X, ordered the event to be celebrated with thanksgivings and games, hastened to Rome, that he might enjoy the triumph of his policy and arms, and entered his capital in high spirits, and apparently in perfect health; yet a sudden indisposition prevented him from attending a consistory, which he had summoned; and in a few days it was known that he was dead. The news travelled with expedition to England, and Wolsey immediately extended his views to the papal throne, but without success, as Cardinal Adrian, a Belgian, was elected Pope.

Wolsey, by his office of legate, was bound to oppose the doctrines of Luther; and Henry, who had applied to the school divinity, attributed their diffusion in Germany to the supine ignorance of the native princes. By a letter to Charles V, he had already evinced his hostility to doctrinal innovation; but it was deemed prudent to abstain from any public declaration till the future decision of the Germanic diet could be conjectured with some degree of certainty. Then the legate, attended by the other prelates and the papal and imperial ambassadors, proceeded to St. Paul's; the Bishop of Rochester preached from the cross; and the works of Luther, condemned by the Pontiff, were burned in the presence of the multitude. Henry himself was anxious to enter the lists against the German; nor did Wolsey discourage the attempt, under the idea that pride no less than conviction would afterwards bind the royal polemic to the support of the ancient creed. That the treatise in defence of the seven sacraments, which the king published was his own composition, is forcibly asserted by himself; that it was planned, revised, and improved by the superior judgment of the cardinal and the Bishop of Rochester, was the opinion of the public. The Dean of Windsor carried the royal production to Rome, and in a full consistory submitted it to the inspection and approbation of the Pontiff. Clement accepted the present with many expressions of admiration and gratitude, and conferred on the English monarch the title of "Defender of the Faith." Luther wrote an answer to Henry, but the intemperance of his declamation scandalized his friends, while it gave joy to his enemies. To the king, he allotted no other praise than that of writing in elegant language; in all other respects, he was "a fool and an ass, a blasphemer, and a liar." Henry complained to Luther's patron, the elector; the German princes considered the work as an insult to crowned heads; and at the earnest entreaty of Christian, king of Denmark, Luther condescended to write an apology; but his "apology" was severe satire, and not likely to appease the mind of Henry, who published an answer, in which he openly avows himself to be the author of the tract printed with his name, and expresses his esteem for Wolsey, "whom he always loved, but whom he shall now love much more, since he has been honored with the abuse of one who never spared exalted worth, either in the living or the dead."

In 1525, Henry fell in love with Anne Boleyn, one of the queen's maids of honor, and, in order that he might marry her, he now to obtain a divorce, affected to fear that he was living in a state of incest with the relict of his

brother. The royal wish was no sooner communicated to Wolsey, than he offered his aid, and ventured to promise complete success. His views, however, were very different from those of his sovereign. Unapprised of Henry's intentions in favor of Anne, he looked forward to the political consequences of the divorce; and had already selected, for the successor of Catharine, Renée, the daughter of Louis XII, of France. Henry mentioned his doubts respecting the validity of his marriage to several canonists and divines; most of whom, from a passage in Leviticus, contended that no dispensation could have authorised a marriage with the widow of a brother. Wolsey soon proceeded to the continent, that he might settle in person with Francis the promised marriage of the Princess Mary. That monarch still insisted on their union; and the most that Wolsey could obtain was, that the marriage should take place either with the king or his second son, the Duke of Orleans. Henry would not consent to the first part of this alternative; and therefore imposed on his minister the task of persuading Francis to be satisfied with the second, or to break off the intended marriage altogether. Wolsey, though not pleased at the commission, made up his mind to fulfil with apparent cheerfulness the pleasure of his sovereign, and proceeded to France.

Hitherto the king had concealed his thoughts respecting a divorce from the knowledge of the queen; but Catherine's eyes had witnessed his partiality for her maid, and her jealousy at last discovered the whole intrigue. In a fit of passion she reproached him to his face with the baseness of his conduct. Henry, however, appeased her by appealing to her piety, and protesting that his only object was to search out the truth, and to tranquilize his own conscience.

When the cardinal returned to England from his French mission, the king took an opportunity of communicating to him his fixed determination to marry Anne Boleyn. The minister received the intelligence with grief and dismay. On his knees he besought the king to recede from a project which would cover him with disgrace; but, aware of the royal temper, he soon desisted from his opposition, and became a convert to the measure which he could not prevent. With the nation at large the king's course was unpopular. The fate of a princess who for so many years had been acknowledged as queen, and who had displayed in that situation every virtue which could grace a throne, was calculated to awaken in her favor the feelings of the public. A commission was obtained from the pope, authorising Wolsey, with the aid of any one of the other English prelates, to inquire summarily, and without judicial forms, into the validity of the dispensation which had been granted by Julius, and of the marriage between Henry and Catherine; to pronounce in defiance of the exception or appeal, the dispensation sufficient, or surreptitious, the marriage valid or invalid, according to the conviction of his conscience; and to divorce the parties, if it were invalid, but at the same time to legitimate their issue, if such legitimation were desired.

Wolsey now began to hesitate; and took the opportunity of declaring to the king at one of the consultations, that though he was bound in gratitude, and was ready to spend his goods, blood, and life in his service, yet he was under greater obligations to God, at whose tribunal he would have to render an account of his actions, and therefore was determined to show the king no more favor than justice required; and if he found the dispensation sufficient in law, so to pronounce it, whatever might be the consequence. Henry at the moment sup-

pressed his feelings; but in a short time gave way to his anger in language the most opprobrious and alarming. Wolsey saw the danger which threatened him; Anne Boleyn was not his friend. Her relatives and advisers were his rivals and enemies; and he knew that they only waited for the expected marriage to effect his downfall with the aid of her influence over the mind of the king.

In 1528 a plague broke out, and while it continued, the harmony in which the king lived with his wife, and the religious impression which the danger had left on his mind, excited a suspicion that he would abandon his project of a divorce; but the contagion had no sooner ceased than he resumed his former course of conduct. Campeggio, the legate who came from Rome on the subject of the divorce, after he had been introduced to Henry, waited on the queen, first in private, and then in the company of Wolsey and four other prelates. He exhorted her in the name of the pontiff to enter a convent, and then explained to her the objections against the validity of her marriage. Catherine replied with modesty and firmness that it was not for herself that she was concerned, but for her daughter, whose interests were more dear to her than her own. She therefore demanded as a right the aid of counsel of her own choice. The request was partially granted; and, in addition to certain English prelates and canonists, she was permitted to choose two foreign advocates.

The court for the trial of the question met, after much delay, in the parliament chamber at the Blackfriars, and summoned the king and queen to appear on the 18th of June, 1529. The latter obeyed, but protested against the judges, and appealed to the pope. At the next session Henry sat in state on the right of the cardinals, and answered in due form to his name. Catherine was on their left, and as soon as she was called, rising from her chair, renewed her protest. On the refusal of the cardinals to admit her appeal, she rose a second time, crossed before them, and, accompanied by her maids, threw herself at the king's feet. "Sir, said she, "I beseech you to pity me, a woman and a stranger, without an assured friend, and without an indifferent counsellor. I take God to witness that I have always been to you a true and loyal wife. If there be any offence that can be alleged against me, I consent to depart with infamy; if not, then I pray you do me justice." She immediately rose, made a low obeisance, and retired. Henry, observing the impression which her address had made on the audience, replied that she had always been a dutiful wife; that his present suit did not proceed from any dislike to her, but from the tenderness of his own conscience.

Notwithstanding the queen's appeal, the cause proceeded, and on her refusal to appear in person or by her attorney, she was pronounced contumacious. Several sittings were held, but the evidence and the arguments were all on the same side. Wolsey urged for a speedy decision; but Campeggio, unwilling to pronounce against his conscience, and afraid to irritate the king, solicited the Pope by letter, to call the cause before himself. To add to their common perplexity, despatches had arrived from the agents at Rome, stating that the queen's appeal had been received; and that Clement would in a few days revoke the commission, and reserve the cognizance of the cause to himself.

The legates had prolonged the trial by repeated adjournments. On the 23d of July, 1529, they held the last session; the king attended in a neighboring room, from which he could see and hear the proceedings; and his counsel in lofty terms called for the judgment of the court. But Campeggio replied that

judgment must be deferred till the whole of the proceedings had been laid before the Pontiff, and that no consideration should divert him from his duty. He was too old, and weak, and sickly, to seek the favor or fear the resentment of any man. The defendant had challenged him and his colleague as judges, because they were the subjects of her opponent. To avoid error, they had therefore determined to consult Rome, and for that purpose he adjourned the court to the commencement of the next term, in the beginning of October.

Henry seemed to bear the disappointment with a composure of mind which was unusual to him. But he had not been unprepared for the event. By the advice of Wolsey he resolved to conceal his real feelings, to procure the opinions of learned men in his favor, to effect the divorce by ecclesiastical authority within the realm, and then to confirm it by Act of Parliament.

Wolsey's good fortune now began to abandon him. At this moment, while Henry was still smarting under his recent disappointment, an instrument arrived from Rome, forbidding him to pursue his cause before the legates, and citing him to appear by attorney in the papal court, under a heavy penalty. The whole process was one of mere form; but it revived the irritation of the king; he deemed it a personal insult, and insisted that Wolsey should devise some expedient to prevent it from being served on him, and from being made known to his subjects. This, after a tedious negotiation, was effected with the consent of the queen and her counsel. But it was in vain that the Cardinal labored to recover the royal favor. The proofs of his disgrace became daily more manifest. He was not invited to court; on matters of state his opinion was seldom asked, and then only by special messengers; even letters addressed to him were intercepted, opened, and perused by Henry. Still, amidst the misgivings of his own breast and the sinister predictions of his friends, he cherished the hope that some lucky chance might replace him on his former pre-eminence, and imprudently trusted to the hollow professions of men, who, though they had served him faithfully in prosperity, were ready to betray his confidence in his declining fortune. With some difficulty he obtained an interview with Henry, in company with Campeggio, when that prelate took leave of the king.

The Italian was received by the officers of the court with the attention due to his rank; the fallen minister found to his surprise that, though an apartment had been ordered for his companion, none was provided for himself. He was introduced into the presence. Every tongue foretold his disgrace—every eye watched his reception. To the general surprise, when he knelt, the king graciously raised him up with both hands, led him aside in a friendly manner, and conversed with him familiarly for a considerable time. The cardinal dined with the ministers; Henry with the Lady Anne in her chamber; but after dinner he sent for Wolsey again, conducted him by the hand into his closet, and kept him in private conference till it was dark. At his departure—for he slept at a gentleman's house in the neighborhood—he received a command to return on the following morning. Wolsey's enemies now trembled for their own safety; they were relieved from their apprehensions by the ascendancy of Anne Boleyn, who extorted from her lover a promise that he would never more speak to the cardinal. When Wolsey returned in the morning, the king was already on horseback, and having sent a message to him to attend the council and then depart with Campeggio, rode out in the company of the Lady Anne. After that day, he and Wolsey never met each other. Hales, the Attorney-gene-

ral, soon afterwards filed two bills against him in the King's Bench, charging him with having, as legate, transgressed the statute of *Premunire*.* This stroke though it was not unexpected, plunged Wolsey into despair. He knew the stern and irritable temper of his prosecutor; to have maintained his innocence would have been to exclude the hope of forgiveness. He therefore submitted without a murmur to every demand; resigned the great seal; transferred to the king the whole of his personal estate; ordered his attorney to plead guilty to the indictment; and threw himself without reserve on the mercy of the sovereign.

His enemies labored doubly to keep alive the royal displeasure against him. They represented him as an ungrateful favorite, who had sought nothing but his own interest and gratification. Still the king's partiality for his former favorite seemed to be proof against all the representations of the council. He continued to send to the cardinal from time to time consoling messages and tokens of affection, though it was generally by stealth, and sometimes during the night. When the court pronounced judgment against him, he took him under the royal protection; and when articles of impeachment had been introduced into the House of Lords, and passed from it to the House of Commons, he procured them to be thrown out by the agency of Cromwell, who from the service of the cardinal had risen to that of the king. Wolsey, however, sank in health and spirits. The anguish of his mind rapidly consumed the vigor of his constitution. About Christmas, 1529, he fell into a fever, which obstinately defied the powers of medicine. When Henry heard of his danger, he exclaimed "God forbid that he should die. I would not lose him for twenty thousand pounds." He immediately ordered three physicians to hasten to Esher, where Wolsey lived, and repeatedly assured the cardinal of his unabated attachment.

As the agitation of Wolsey's mind subsided, the health of his body was restored; but his enemies had prepared for him a new conflict, and required of him additional sacrifices. It was ultimately agreed that Wolsey should retain the administration, temporal as well as spiritual, of the archiepiscopal see of York, but in consideration of a general pardon, make over to the crown all his other ecclesiastical revenues.

On the 4th of November, 1540, Wolsey was unexpectedly arrested on a charge of high treason. He betrayed no symptoms of guilt; the king had not, he maintained, a more loyal subject than himself; there lived not on earth the man who could look him in the face and charge him with untruth; nor did he seek any other favor than to be confronted with his accusers.

His health (he suffered much from dropsy) would not allow him to travel with expedition; and at Sheffield-park, a seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury, he was seized with a dysentery which confined him a fortnight. As soon as he was able to mount his mule he resumed his journey; but feeling his strength decline he said to the abbot of Leicester, as he entered the gate of the monastery, "Father Abbot, I am come to lay my bones among you." He was immediately carried to his bed; and the second day, seeing Kyngston, the lieutenant of the Tower, in his chamber, he addressed him in these well known words: "Master Kyngston, I pray you have me commended to his majesty; had I but served God as diligently as I have served him, he would not have given me

* An act forbidding documents against the crown being brought from Rome.

over in my grey hairs. But this is my just reward for my pains and study, not regarding my service to God, but only my duty to my prince." Having received the last consolations of religion, he expired the next morning, in the sixtieth year of his age.

Cardinal Wolsey has had bitter assailants, and as with all public men, there have been some who sought to justify all his acts. The impartial Lingard steers between both, and to his safe guidance we have, therefore, trusted in the foregoing sketch. Wolsey was truly a most distinguished man, and though there were some portions of his policy not sufficiently straightforward, it must be admitted that he has left on the pages of history much which mankind must respect with unalloyed admiration.

Burke.

CREATION'S TESTIMONY TO THE MOST HIGH.

AN Evangelist informs us that, "In the beginning, the word was God, by whom all things were made." (John i, 15.) The same authority, moreover, declares that, "No man hath seen God at any time, and this is the testimony of John." "Neither have you heard his voice, at any time, nor seen his shape." (John v, 37.)

In fact, the Lord being a pure spirit, cannot be seen by corporeal eyes. But, however invisible, His presence is proved by a continuation of creative and preserving acts. On all his handiworks there is a certain stamp, or unmistakable impress of their divine author: just as the workmanship of a famous mechanic, when absent or unseen, may be recognised by his mark or style, which distinguishes his productions from those of other artists.

According to Holy Writ, "In [God's] hands are both we and our works, and all wisdom, and the knowledge and skill of works." (Wisd. vii, 16.)

We have already considered how the "Heavens show forth God's glory, and the firmament declareth the work of His hands;" for "day unto day uttereth speech, night unto night teacheth knowledge, and the Universe proclaims His wisdom, power, and magnificence."

"There is a God, all nature cries,
A thousand tongues proclaim
His arm Almighty,—mind all wise,
And bid each voice in chorus rise
To magnify His name.
As falls a sparrow to the ground,
Obedient to his will,
By the same law the spheres wheel round,
Each drawing each, yet all still found
In one supernal system bound,
One order to fulfil."

On this our terrestrial globe, the sea is generally admired as the chief of creatures, without a rival in grandeur of repose or in majesty of turbulence. In this respect it gives forcible testimony to its Divine controller.

According to Nahum, "The Lord's ways are in a tempest and a whirlwind, and clouds are the dust of his feet. He rebuketh the sea, and drieth it up, and bringeth all the rivers to be a desert."

"The terrors of the sea and land,
When all the elements conspire,
The earth and water, storm and fire,
Are but the shadows of His hand:
Do they not all in countless ways,
The lightening's flash—the howling storm,
The dread volcano's awful blaze,
Proclaim His glory and His praise?"

"And the spirit of God moved over the waters." (Gen. i, 2). "The sea is His, and He made it," says the Psalmist, who, after describing the earth to be full of the Lord's riches, goes on to tell us that, "so is this great sea, which stretcheth wide its arms. There are creeping things without number, creatures little and great." (Ps. ciii.) "They that go down to the sea in ships have seen the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep. He said the word, and there arose a storm of wind, and the waves thereof were lifted up. They mount up to the heavens, and they go down to the depths: And they cried to the Lord in their affliction, and He brought them out of their distresses: And he turned the storm into a breeze, and its waves were still." (Ps. cv.)

From another inspired source, we learn, that, "The Lord divideth the Red Sea waves, for the dry passage of more than a million Israelites, while Pharaoh's pursuing army, with horse and rider, and charioteer, sunk as lead in the mighty waters." Well might the Hebrews—

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumph'd, His people are free;
Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,
His chariots—his horsemen, all splendid and brave:
How vain was their boasting! the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave."

Prodigies of this nature are not beside the mark in proving that, "Whatsoever the Lord pleaseth, He hath done in Heaven, on earth, in the sea, and in all the depths." (Ps. cxxxv.)

Wherefore, to such a witness as the "liquid main," the following lines may not inappropriately be addressed:—

"Thee, at thy birth, the Almighty Maker chose,
Aye to resound his everlasting praise:
Thy solemn sounding diapason suits,
The theme of His tremendous attributes,
When thy full waves a lofty chorus raise;
And murmuring sweet as angels' golden lutes,
His mercy whispers in thy softer lays."

How soul-absorbing it is to gaze on the Atlantic, or on the still greater ocean, with its ten thousand miles across, from shore to shore. Mariners and others familiar with the magnitude of the briny deep, doubtless, discern in the ebb and flow of its ponderous glassy waves, a reflection of their Creator's eternity, immensity, and infinitude; the sailor, in short, whose cargo and existence are imperilled on an agitated and tempest-tossed ocean, is not long in discovering how helpless he is without the providence of that Being, "who set bounds to [the sea], and made it bars and doors;" and who also said, "Hitherto thou shalt come, and shalt go no further, and here thou shalt break thy swelling waves." (Job xxxviii.)

"Beautiful, sublime, and glorious,
 Grand, majestic, foaming, free,
 Over time itself victorious—
 Image of Eternity.
 Such art thou, stupendous Ocean;
 But, if overwhelm'd by thee,
 Can we think, without emotion,
 What must thy Creator be?"

According to a prophet, "When [God] uttereth His voice, the waters are multiplied in Heaven: He lifteth up the clouds from the ends of the earth: He hath turned lightening into rain, and brought forth the wind out of His treasures: He that made all things: He it is, the Lord of Hosts, in His name." (Jer. li.)

"Roll, lovely earth, and still roll on
 With ocean's azure beauty bound;
 While one sweet mate, the pearly moon
 Pursues you through the blue profound."

Without pausing here to examine nature's centripetal and centrifugal forces, by which the different parts of the universe are so admirably balanced, let us proceed to question less metaphysical witnesses. Of these, because diminutive in their outward form, not a few are commonly disregarded; but their evidence is nevertheless worth noting, from its utility to show in various ways, how "no evil can overcome [God's] wisdom, [as] it reacheth from end to end mightily, and ordereth all things sweetly." (Wisd. vii.)

Imbued with the impiety of Bolingbroke, a Spinoza, and a Voltaire, certain infidels still impugn some of the Deity's moral attributes. While acknowledging his gigantic works, there are deists who demur, for example, to His universal providence! They proudly imagine that Divine wisdom is like their own narrow-minded policy, which condemns what is little and weak as beneath notice. With affected humility, they insinuate that the "Most High" is too exalted a Being to trouble himself about low and insignificant mortals!

The oracles of truth, however, give more trustworthy assurances: "Understand, ye senseless among the people, and, ye fools, be wise at last: He that planneth the ear shall He not hear, or He that formeth the eye shall He not consider?" (Wisd. xiii.)

"O most mighty, great, and powerful—the Lord of Hosts is thy name—great in council and incomprehensible in thought, whose eyes are upon all the ways of the children of Adam, to render unto every one according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his devices." (Jer. xxxii.)

The aforesaid question may also be poetically answered:—

"Among the deepest shades of night,
 Can there be One who sees our way?
 Yes! God is like a shining light,
 That turns the darkness into day.
 When every eye around us sleeps,
 May we not sin without control?
 No, for a constant watch He keeps,
 On every thought of every soul.
 If you could find some cave unknown,
 Where human feet had never trod;
 Yet there you could not be alone
 On every side there would be God."

In fact, according to the inspired penman, "The eyes of the Lord are far brighter than the sun, beholding round about all the ways of men, and the bottom of the deep, and looking into the hearts of men." (Eccles. xxix.)

As the Almighty is so great that His grandeur cannot be increased, His condescension to little things gives a sort of relief, as it were, to his gigantic operations. In support of Creation's testimony from this point of view, philosophical inquirers should inspect some of Nature's colonies in a microscopic world. Both of its hemispheres abound with nations, kingdoms, and republics, which, though comparatively small in space, swarm notwithstanding with countless inhabitants. They will furnish to inquirers, on examination, the most indubitable and satisfactory evidence that the Creator's care extends to the smallest mite living on the breath of a rose, as well as to the huge elephant or monstrous whale. The structure of a cameleopard or an eagle is not more wonderful than that of a mouse or a fly.

To the eye of a botanist, neither the stately oak nor the colossal fern displays a more skilful adaptation of means to an end than the humble floweret or blade of grass.

Hence, a pious floriculturist has grounds for asserting that,—

"Not worlds on worlds in phalanx deep,
Needs he to prove a God is here:
The daisy fresh from winter's sleep
Tells of His hand in proofs so clear:
For, who but He that arch'd the skies,
And pours the day-spring's living flood;
Wondrous alike in all He tries,
Could rear the daisy's purple bud?
Mould its green cup, its wiry stem,
Its fringed border nicely spin,
And cut the gold embossed gem,
That set in silver gleams within?
And fling it unrestrain'd and free,
O'er hill and dale, and desert sod,
That man, where'er he walks may see,
At every step—the stamp of God?"

Comparing, moreover, the earth's floral gems with the brilliant jewels of the sky, it may be observed how—

"Wondrous truths, and manifest as wondrous,
God has written on those stars above;
But not less in the bright floweret under us,
Stands the revelation of His love:
Bright and glorious is that relation,
Written o'er this great world of ours,
Making evident our own creation,
In those stars of earth—these golden flowers,
And with child-like credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand,
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Symbols of the high and promised land."

Evenings at Home.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.

THIS transaction between Lord Cornwallis and Castlereagh, and Lord Belvidere and Messrs. Knox and Crowe, ought to be one of the most useful lessons to the British nation; there will be seen, in the sad fate of Ireland, the means by which their own liberties may be destroyed.

Before the third reading of the Bill, when it was about to be reported, Mr. Charles Ball, Member for Clogher, rose, and, without speaking one word, looked round impressively, every eye was directed to him, he only pointed his hand significantly to the bar, and immediately walked forth, casting a parting look behind him, and turning his eyes to Heaven, as if to invoke vengeance on the enemies of his country. His example was contagious. Those Anti-Unionists who were in the House immediately followed his example, and never returned into that Senate which had been the glory, the guardian, and the protection of their country. There was but one scene more, and the curtain was to drop forever.

The day of extinguishing the liberties of Ireland had now arrived, and the sun took his last view of independent Ireland, he rose no more over a proud and prosperous nation, she was now condemned, by the British Minister, to renounce her rank amongst the States of Europe, she was sentenced to cancel her constitution, to disband her Commons, and disfranchise her nobility, to proclaim her incapacity, and register her corruption in the records of the empire. On this fatal event, some, whose honesty the tempter could not destroy, some, whose honor he durst not assail, and many who could not control the useless language of indignation, prudently withdrew from a scene where they would have witnessed only the downfall of their country. Every precaution was taken by Lord Clare for the security, at least, of his own person. The Houses of Parliament were closely invested by the military, no demonstration of popular feeling was permitted, a British regiment, near the entrance, patrolled through the Ionic colonades, the chaste architecture of that classic structure seemed as a monument to the falling Irish, to remind them of what they had been, and to tell them what they were. It was a heart-rending sight to those who loved their country, it was a sting to those who sold it, and to those who purchased it, a victory, but to none has it been a triumph. Thirty-three years of miserable experience should now convince the British people that they have gained neither strength, nor affection, nor tranquility, by their acquisition; and that if population be the "wealth of nations," Ireland is getting by far too rich to be governed much longer as a pauper.

The British people know not the true history of the Union, that the brilliant promises, the predictions of rapid prosperity, and "consolidated resources," were but chimerical.—Whilst the finest principles of the constitution were sapped to effect the measure, England by the subjugation of her sister kingdom, gained only an accumulation of debt, an accession of venality to her Parliament, an embarrassment in her councils, and a prospective danger to the integrity of the empire. The name of Union has been acquired, but the attainment of the substance has been removed farther than ever.

The Commons House of Parliament, on the last evening afforded the most melancholy example of a fine independent people, betrayed, divided, sold, and, as a State, annihilated. British clerks and officers were smuggled into her Parliament to vote away the constitution of a country to which they were strangers, and in which they had neither interest nor connection. They were employed to cancel the royal charter of the Irish nation, guaranteed by the British Government, sanctioned by the British legislature, and unequivocally confirmed by the words, the signature, and the great seal of their monarch.

The situation of the Speaker, on that night, was of the most distressing nature; a sincere and ardent enemy of the measure, he headed its opponents; he resisted it with all the power of his mind, the resources of his experience, his influence and his eloquence.

It was, however, through his voice that it was to be proclaimed and consummated. His only alternative (resignation) would have been unavailing, and could have added nothing to his character. His expressive countenance, bespoke the inquietude of his feeling; solicitude was perceptible in every glance, and his embarrassment was obvious in every word he uttered.

The galleries were full, but the change was lamentable, they were no longer crowded with those who had been accustomed to witness the eloquence and to animate the debates of that devoted assembly. A monotonous and melancholy murmur ran through the benches, scarcely a word was exchanged amongst the members, no body seemed at ease, no cheerfulness was apparent, and the ordinary business, for a short time, proceeded in the usual manner.

At length the expected moment arrived, the order of the day for the third reading of the Bill, for a "Legislative Union between Great Britain and Ireland," was moved by Lord Castlereagh, unvaried, tame, coldblooded, the words seemed frozen as they issued from his lips; and, as if a simple citizen of the world, he seemed to have no sensation on the subject.

At that moment he had no country, no god but his ambition; he made his motion, and resumed his seat, with the utmost composure and indifference.

Confused murmurs again ran through the House, it was visibly affected, every character, in a moment, seemed involuntarily rushing to its index, some pale, some flushed, some agitated; there were few hearts did not despatch some messenger. Several members withdrew before the question could be repeated, and an awful momentary silence succeeded their departure. The Speaker rose slowly from that chair which had been the proud source of his honors and of his high character; for a moment he resumed his seat, but the strength of his mind sustained him in his duty, though his struggle was apparent: With that dignity which never failed to signalize his official actions, he held up the Bill for a moment in silence; he looked steadily around him on the last agony of the expiring Parliament. He at length repeated, in an emphatic tone, "as many as are of opinion that *this bill* do pass, say aye." The affirmative was languid but indisputable, another momentary pause ensued, again his lips seemed to decline their office: at length with an eye averted from the object which he hated, he proclaimed, with a subdued voice, "*the AYES have it.*" The fatal sentence was now pronounced, for an instant he stood statue-like; then indignantly, and with disgust, flung the Bill upon the table, and sunk into his chair with an exhausted spirit. An independent country was thus degraded into a province, Ireland, as a nation, was *extinguished*.

Catholic Herald.

THE MONK OF OLMUTZ.

A GERMAN LEGEND.

PREVIOUS to the period of Luther's preaching his mis-called Reformation, monasteries were to be seen at the declivity of all the hills in Germany. They were large buildings of simple and unassuming aspect, with their tapering steeples arising in the midst of thick woods, around which fluttered the wild pigeons. These establishments were inhabited by men, whose whole thoughts were devoted to heavenly contemplation.

At the monastery of Olmutz resided one, who was revered by the whole country for his piety and learning. He was a simple man, as all those men who have studied profoundly generally are—for science is like the sea, the more you advance in it the more extended the horizon becomes, and the more acutely one feels their own nothingness. Brother Alfus having wrinkled his brow and bleached his locks in the search after useless knowledge, called to his aid the faith of the little children and, devoting his life to prayer as an anchor of mercy, he had found a soothing resting-place from the tempestuous waves of vain enquiry in fervent love and celestial hope. Notwithstanding all this, a violent squall would at times agitate the holy navigator. Occasionally, the temptation of a strong and exalted intellect would return, and reason would interrogate faith with human pride. Then brother Alfus would become sad, heavy clouds would pass over his interior sunshine, and his heart would become cold. Wandering about the country, he would seat himself on the moss-covered rocks, stop under the foaming torrents, walk amidst the murmurs of the forest, but vainly did he interrogate nature, to all his questions the mountains, the waves, and the leaves replied to him but in one mighty word—God! Brother Alfus escaped victorious from many of these fearful struggles; each time he felt more strengthened in his faith, for temptation is the gymnasium of the conscience—when it breaks not, it more strongly fortifies. But for some time a poignant disquietude had taken possession of the poor brother. He had often observed that all that was beautiful in nature lost its charm by usage, that the eye became fatigued in looking upon the most exquisite landscape, that the ear wearied of the sweetest voice, and he asked himself how he could find even in heaven the ingredients of eternal joy. What would become of the fickleness of our being in the midst of an endless magnificence? Eternity!—what a word for a creature who knew no other law than that of variety and change. Oh, my God! no more of the past nor of the future—no by-gone recollections, nor future hopes! Eternity! eternity! Oh! word of mighty import, which unlocks the fountain of the sinner's tears, what sensation dost thou create in the realms of celestial joy? Thus thought brother Alfus; and his uncertainty with regard to the future became greater.

One morning, arising before the accustomed hour of the brothers, he left the monastery and betook himself to the valley beneath. The landscape, still moist with dew, was joyously opening its bright blossoms to the first rays of the rising sun. Alfus slowly followed the umbrageous pathway of the hill; the birds had

just arisen, and fluttered in the hawthorn-tree, shaking upon his bald head the glittering dewdrops, and the butterflies, but half aroused from their repose, were carelessly moving towards the sun to dry their dewy wings. Alfus stopped and looked around the country which lay quietly reposing before him. He recalled to mind how surpassingly beautiful this scene had appeared to him the first time he beheld it, and with what intoxicating delight he had thought of finishing his days in such an elysium. To him, the dried up child of a sombre city, with its blackened walls and gloomy streets, these flowers, these trees, and the pure and balmy air, were thrilling novelties; and, during the sweet year that had been the period of his noviciate, short, delightful walks had he taken in the valley! What charming discoveries! The murmur of the rivulet amidst the glades inhabited by the nightingales, with the eglantine and the blushing rose, and the wild strawberry of the woods; Oh! what excess of felicity to see all these things for the first time—what joy to ramble by unknown paths that lead to flowery arbors, and to encounter at each step a spring, from whence one never drank before, a mossy bed that one has never before trodden upon! But alas! these pleasures endure but for a short time; as soon as you have traversed all the varied pathways of the forest, as soon as you have heard the thrilling melody of the feathery choristers, as soon as you have culled the sweets from off the flowery stems, adieu then to the beauties of the country and all its varied harmony; custom draws a veil between you and creation, which blinds your perceptive faculties and deafens your ear to the music of nature. Alas! brother Alfus was one of these, and might be likened unto a man who had drank so deeply of the most intoxicating liquors, that he no longer felt their power; he now looked with indifference on the spectacle which was formerly so ravishing to his eyes. What celestial beauties could then occupy a soul for eternity, when the works of God upon the earth could charm but for an instant? In proposing this question to himself, Alfus was in the very heart of the valley; with his head sunk upon his breast and his arms lying listlessly by his side he walked on—seeing nothing, clearing the rivulets, the woods, and the hills; already the steeple of the monastery had disappeared—Olmutz was immersed in fog, with its churches and its fortifications; the mountains themselves appeared no longer but as a cloud upon the distant horizon. On a sudden the monk stopped—he was at the entrance of a vast forest, which presented itself to his view like an ocean of verdure, a thousand charming sounds hummed around the spot and an odoriferous breeze sighed amongst the foliage.

After having cast his astonished gaze into the faint obscurity of the wood, Alfus hesitatingly entered, as if he were afraid of committing an act that had been forbidden; but scarcely had he advanced ere the forest became grander and more magnificent—the trees bending with their flowery foliage, which shed an inconceivable perfume around. This perfume was unlike all other earthly odors, was a sort of moral emanation which embalmed the soul, and was both fortifying and delicious, like the sensation one feels upon witnessing a high and mighty action. Alfus soon heard a harmony which filled the whole forest with its music; he still advanced, and perceived at a distance a dazzling splendor of marvellous light. What struck him above all with astonishment was that the perfume, the music, and the light, were conveyed to him through the same sense, and communicated themselves to him by a single perception, as if he had ceased to have distinct senses, and as if nothing remained to him but his soul.

He soon arrived near to the light, and seated himself by it, the better to enjoy its wonders, when on a sudden a voice was heard, but such a voice—the air gently dipping in the calm lake—the breeze softly whispering through the willow foliage—or the sigh of the sleeping infant on its mother's breast, could convey no idea of its entrancing sweetness. Ail that the water, the earth, and the air can convey of enchanting murmurs—all that language and human music can attain of celestial seductions, were concentrated in that voice. It was not a song, and yet one would say it was a strain of melody—it was not a language, and yet the voice spoke. Science, poetry, wisdom, all was in that voice. Like a celestial sigh, it raised the soul, and made it wander into an unexplored region. On hearing it, one knew all and felt all, and the world of thoughts which it embraced was infinite, and the voice though still the same was ever varying—such a voice as one could listen to for ages, and in the end find it as entrancing as it had at first appeared. The longer Alfus listened to it, the more he felt his interior joy increasing. He appeared to discover in it at each instant some ineffable mystery. At length the light which illuminated the forest disappeared, a lingering sound resounded through the trees, and the voice was hushed.

Alfus continued for some time immovable, as if he had been aroused from an enchanted sleep. At first he looked around him with a stupified air, then wishing to rise, in order to retrace his road, he found his feet benumbed, and his limbs had lost their wonted agility. He retraced with difficulty the path by which he had entered the forest and soon found himself out of the wood. He then sought the road to the monastery, and after some trouble recognized it; he hastened his footsteps, for the night was fast advancing, but his surprise augmented with every step he took, for the whole face of the country appeared to have changed since he had left the monastery. There, where he had seen the tender plant, arose as if by magic the towering oak; he sought upon the river for a little woden bridge, interspersed with wild briars, which he was accustomed to cross, but it was no longer there, and in its place arose a solid stone arch. In passing near a pond, some women who were drying clothes upon the flowery elder trees, interrupted their occupations to look at the monk as he passed, saying to each other, "There is an old man who wears the habit of the Monk Olmutz, but we know all the brothers, and have never seen this one amongst them." "These women are mad," said Alfus, and he passed onwards. He however began to feel a little uneasy, when the steeple of the monastery showed itself through the trees. He hurried on, clambered up the little path, crossed the meadow, and advanced towards the threshold, but to his indescribable amazement the door was no longer in its accustomed place. Alfus raised his eyes and was transfixed with surprise. The Monastery of Olmutz had changed its whole exterior; the entrance was considerably larger, and the building had increased almost beyond his power of recognition. A plantation which he himself had planted a few days before, besides the chapel, now covered the sacred asylum with its abundant foliage. The monk bewildered and amazed, directed his steps towards the new entrance and gently rang the bell; but it was no longer the silvery-toned bell, the sound of which he knew so well. A young brother opened the door.

"What is the matter?" demanded Alfus. "Why is not Antoine the porter of the monastery?"

"I do not know Antoine," replied the brother.

Alfus raised his hand to his brow with terror. "Have I become mad," said he. "Is not this the Monastery of Olmutz which I left this morning?"

The young monk gazed at him with astonishment, and replied, "I am now five years porter to the monastery, and I know you not."

Alfus gazed around him with a wild and searching gaze; several monks were passing to and fro the cloisters; he called them, but they replied not to the names he pronounced; he ran to them to recognize their features, but they were all strangers to him.—"Here is some miracle of God," he cried. "In the name of Heaven, my brothers, look at me, and say if none amongst you have seen me before? Is there nobody present who knows Brother Alfus?"

All looked upon him with amazement.

"Alfus," at length replied the oldest amongst them.

"Yes, there was in former times at Olmutz a monk of that name. I have heard my ancestors speak of him. He was a man learned and thoughtful, with a great love of solitude. One day he descended into the valley, and they saw him disappear in the distance behind the woods. They vainly waited for his return, but they never could learn what had become of Brother Alfus. This occurred about a hundred years ago."

At these words Alfus uttered a loud cry, for now he understood all. Throwing himself on his knees on the ground, and joining his hands fervently together, "Oh! my God," said he, "you wish to prove to me my folly, in comparing the joys of earth with those of heaven. A whole century has glided by me like a single day in listening to Thy voice. I now understand the meaning of paradise and its eternal joys. Accept now the offering of my fervent heart, my merciful God, and pardon your unworthy servant."

After having spoken these words, Brother Alfus extended his arms, and raising his eyes with a beatified expression towards that celestial paradise which was opened to his view, softly whispered the holy name of Jesus, and expired.

SITES OF DEVOTIONAL CELEBRITY.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH AND PRINCIPAL MONUMENTS IN ROME.

ROME presents three things to the view of the curious and inquisitive stranger, which certainly cannot be met with in any other city in the world. First, the stupendous ruins of her amphitheatres, circuses, ancient tombs, and triumphal arches. Secondly, her columns, aqueducts, and obelisks. And, thirdly, her delightful gardens, palaces, and above all, the unexampled magnificence of her churches. Amongst these churches, St. Peter's most justly holds the first rank. This superb building is situated at the extremity of the *Vatican* hill. Pope Anacletus (ordained priest of St. Peter) built an oratory here in honor of the prince of the apostles, who was crucified on this hill. In this oratory the bodies of St. Peter and St. Paul were kept for a long time, till they were removed to the cemetery of Calixtus, in the *Via Appia*. (See St. Gregory, lib. iii, Regist. Epist. 30.)

The emperor Constantine, miraculously cured of a leprosy by St. Sylvester, then pope, in thanksgiving for such benefit built on this Vatican hill a church,

which he dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. This church was built on the very site of the circus of Nero, once the theatre of the bloody persecutions against the Christians. Of these barbarous scenes and cruelties, we have an account, not only in the writings of the Christians, but even in those of the Pagans themselves. (See Tacitus, *Ann. lib. xv. s. 44.*)

This church was so much respected, or rather so much venerated, even by the Goths themselves, that (according to St. Augustin, *tom. v. de Civit. Dei, lib. i, cap. 7, 23*) they spared the lives of such as took refuge there. Here were held four councils: the first and second under Pope Symmachus; the third under Gregory I; and the fourth under Gregory II.

This ancient church, built by Constantine, existed for more than a thousand years, when it was discovered to be in a ruinous state, either because it was built in a great hurry, or what is more probable, that the southern part was raised on a foundation not strong enough to support the vast superstructure with which it was encumbered. Hence it is, that Nicholas V (elected in 1447), formed the design of rebuilding it; and for this purpose commissioned Bernardo Rossilini to draw the plan, and actually commenced the work, but dying soon after, Paul II, his successor (elected 1464) continued it; little was done, however, until the time of Julius II. This enterprising genius, wishing to leave a great and splendid monument after him, consulted the most distinguished architects in Italy, and preferring that of Bramante, laid the first stone of this august temple in April, 1506.

One may form an opinion of this vast building from the number of sovereign pontiffs (some say thirty) during whose time it was continued, and the enormous expense attending it, which according to Fontana, amounted to forty-seven millions of Roman crowns, not including several millions of crowns subsequently expended by Urban VIII, and innocent X, in other necessary decorations.

The space which the church and the piazza (including the colonade) occupies, is nearly twenty acres; so that I may say, it is one of the most extensive, and one of the most beautiful buildings of the kind that has been, or is to be, seen in any part of the world; but what is more, there has not been its equal either in ancient or in modern times. It is superior, as well in length and breadth, as in richness, grandeur, and magnificence, to the temple of Olympian Jupiter at Athens, to those of Ephesus, Eleusis, and even to that of Solomon in the meridian of their greatest splendor; in a word, it may justly and appropriately be called the eight wonder of the world, for the pyramids of Egypt, the walls of Babylon, the ancient and so much boasted of colossus of Rhodes, &c., were but heaps of stones, compared to the master-piece of either ancient or modern architecture.

In front of the church there is a beautiful piazza, which is divided into two, one of which is oval, and the other of a rectangular form. The oval part is about six hundred feet long, the smaller diameter is five hundred and fifty, and the entire length of the piazza, from the entrance to the extremity of the church (including the walls), is sixteen hundred and ninety feet. The Piazza is adorned with a beautiful obelisk of red Egyptian granite, without hieroglyphics; and also two beautiful fountains, and two semi-circular colonades.

Of all the obelisks in Rome, this is the only one that is entire. It is one hundred and twenty-four feet high from the pavement to the summit of the cross with which it is surmounted. It was brought from Heliopolis to Rome by Cali-

gula (see *Plin. lib. xvi, c. 11*), and afterwards placed by Nero in his circus. It was once erected on the south side of the basilick that Constantine built in honor of St. Peter and St. Paul, on the very place where now stands the new sacristy of St. Peter's church; here it remained covered with earth and rubbish, until Sixtus Quintus, in 1586, had it erected according to the design of Cav. Fontana, in its present situation. It rests on four huge lions of gilt bronze, and on the top is a cross, placed on three mountains, with a star over them; the arms of Sixtus Quintus, who, it is well known, assumed the name of Montalto. The inscriptions on the pedestal are as follows:

On the side facing the church.

Christus Vincet.
Christus regnat.
Christus imperat.
Christus ab omni malo,
Plebem suam
defendat.

On the south side.

Sixtus Quintus Pont. Max.
Obeliscum Veterem
Dis Gentium
Impio cultu decatum,
Operoso labore transtulit.
Anno 1586. Pont II.

Opposite.

Ecce crucem Domini,
fugite
Partes adversæ;
Vicet Leo
De Tribu David.

Opposite.

Sixtus V. Pont. Max.
Cruci invictæ
Obelis cum Veterem
Ab impura superstitione
expiatum, justius
Et felicius consecravit.
Anno 1586. Pont. II.

The fountain on the north side was begun under Innocent VIII, and ornamented by Cav. Bernini, in the time of Alexander VII. This latter Pope also intended to have made the fountain on the south side, but the project was not carried into execution till the time of Clement X. These fountains continually throw up columns of water, sufficient to fill a small river. This water is received in immense circular basins of oriental granite, and comes from near the lake Bracciano, twenty-four miles north of Rome.

The semi-circular colonades consist of two hundred and eighty columns of travertine stone; forming on each side of the piazza a triple portico; the middle one is about twelve feet wide, and the lateral ones about eight.

The rectangular part of the piazza, commencing where the oval one terminates, has a covered gallery on both sides, leading to the grand portico or vestibule of the church. This portico contains two equestrian statues (one at each end) of Constantine and Charlemagne, together with the celebrated Navicella de S. Pietro in mosaic, by Giotto.

The external access to the portico and church is by a grand flight of steps, of very easy ascent, and corresponding to the breadth or front of the building. These stairs were those which led up to the front of the old church; and Baronius (*An. 774*) says, that when Charlemagne first went up these steps he devoutly kissed each of them as he ascended.

The entrance to the portico is by five doors, having on each side massy pilasters, and immense Corinthian columns, each about 86 feet high, and 24 in cir-

cumference. Over these pillars there is an architrave, and over that a balcony where the Pope is crowned, and whence he gives his benediction in holy week and on Easter Sunday. This noble and magnificent front is terminated by a balustrade, on which are placed colossal statues of Jesus Christ and his Apostles.

Opposite the five doors already mentioned, there are five others, which lead into the church, one of which is called *Porta Santa*, opened only when there is a jubilee; of the others, two are called *Valvæ S. Petri*, and were covered with bronze in the time of Eugenius IV, whose memorable actions, namely, the crowning of the emperor Sigismond, and the union of the Greek and Latin churches, were engraved on them.

THE BEGGAR.

From the French.

Nor long since, an old beggar, named James, was in the daily habit of placing himself at the principal gate of a church in Paris. His manners, tone, and language, showed that he had received an education far superior to that which is the ordinary lot of poverty. Under his rags, which were worn with certain dignity, shone a still living recollection of a more elevated condition. This beggar also enjoyed great authority among the paupers belonging to the parish. His kindness, his impartiality in distributing alms among his fellow-paupers, his zeal in appeasing their quarrels, had earned for him well-merited respect. Yet his life and misfortunes were a complete mystery to his most intimate comrades, as well as to the persons attached to the parish. Every morning for twenty-five years, he regularly came, and sat down at the same place. People were accustomed to see him there, that he made, as it were, part of the furniture of the porch; yet none of his fellow-beggars could relate the least particular of his life. Only one thing was known, James never set foot in the church, and yet he was a Catholic. At the time of the religious services, when the sacred dome resounded with hymns of devotion; when the incense, ascending above the altar, rose with the vows of the faithful towards Heaven; which the grave and melodious sound of the organ swelled the solemn chorus of the assembled Christians, the beggar felt himself impelled to mingle his prayers with those of the church: with an eager and contented eye, he contemplated from without the solemnity which the house represented. The sparkling reflection of the light through the gothic windows, the shade of the pillars, which had stood there for ages, like a symbol of the eternity of religion, the profound charm attached to the gloomy aspect of the church; everything inspired the beggar with involuntary admiration. Tears were sometimes perceived to trickle down his wrinkled face; some great misfortune or profound remorse seemed to agitate his soul. In the primitive times of the Church, he might have been taken for a great criminal, condemned to banish himself from the assembly of the faithful, and to pass like a shade through the midst of the living.

A clergyman repaired every day to that church to celebrate Mass. Descended from one of the most ancient families in France, possessed of an immense for-

tune, he found a joy in bestowing abundant alms. The beggar had become the object of a sort of affection, and every morning, the Abbe Paulin, de Saint C——, accompanied with benevolent words his charity, which had become a daily income.

One day James did not appear at the usual hour. The Abbe, desirous of not losing this opportunity for his charity, sought the dwelling of the beggar, and found the old man lying sick on a couch. The eyes of the clergyman were smitten with the luxury and misery which appeared in the furniture of the habitation. A magnificent gold watch was suspended over the miserable bolster; two pictures, richly framed, and covered with crape, were placed on a white washed wall; a crucifix, in ivory, of beautiful workmanship, was hanging at the feet of the sick man; an antiquated chair, with gothic carvings; and among a few worn-out books lay a Mass book, with silver clasps: all the remainder of the furniture announced frightful misery. The presence of the priest revived the old man, and with an accent full of gratitude, the latter cried out:

"M. Abbe, you are then kind enough to remember an unhappy man."

"My friend," replied M. Paulin, "a priest forgets none but the happy ones. I come to inquire whether you want any assistance."

"I want nothing," answered the beggar; "my death is approaching; my conscience alone is not quiet."

"Your conscience! Have you any great fault to expiate?"

"A crime—an enormous crime; a crime for which my whole life has been a cruel and useless expiation; a crime beyond pardon!"

"A crime beyond pardon!—there exists not any! The divine mercy is greater than all the crimes of man."

"But a criminal, polluted with the most horrible crime, what has he to hope for? Pardon! there is none for me!"

"Yes, there is," cried out the priest with enthusiasm; "to doubt it would be a more horrible blasphemy than your very crime itself. Religion stretches out her arms to repentance. James, if your repentance is sincere, implore the Divine goodness; it will not abandon you."

"Hear my history, then," rejoined the beggar, "and you will admit that my crime is so great, I should not dare to hope for mercy."

"The son of a poor farmer, honored with the affection of a family of high rank, whose lands my father cultivated, I was from my infancy welcomed at the castle of my masters. Destined to be valet-de-chambre to the heir of the family, the education they gave me, my rapid progress in study, and the benevolence of my masters, changed my condition: I was raised to the rank of secretary. I was just turned of twenty-five years of age, when the revolution first broke out in France; my mind was easily seduced by reading the newspapers of that period, my ambition made me tired of my precarious situation. I conceived the project of abandoning for the camp the castle which had been the asylum of my youth. Had I followed that first impulse, ingratitude would have saved me from crime! The fury of the revolutionists soon spread through the provinces; my masters, fearing to be arrested in their castle, dismissed all the servants. A sum of money was realized in haste, and selecting from among their rich furniture a few articles, precious for family recollections, they went to Paris, to seek an asylum in the crowd, and find repose in the obscurity of their dwelling. I followed them, as a child of the house. Terror reigned uncontrolled through-

out France, and nobody knew the place of concealment of my masters. Inscribed on the list of emigrants, confiscation had soon devoured their property; but it was nothing to them, for they were together—tranquil and unknown. Animated by a lively faith in Providence, they lived in the expectation of better times. Vain hope! the only person who could reveal their retreat, and snatch them from their asylum, had the baseness to denounce them. This informer is myself. The father, the mother, four daughters, angels in beauty and innocence, and a young boy of ten years of age, were thrown together into a dungeon, and delivered up to the horrors of captivity. The trial commenced. The most frivolous pretences were then sufficient to condemn the innocent, yet the public accuser could hardly find one motive for prosecution against that noble and virtuous family. A man was found who was their confidant, who perverted even the most simple circumstances of their lives into guilt, and invented the frivolous crime of conspiracy. This calumniator, this false witness, I am he. The fatal sentence of death was passed upon the whole family except the youngest son, an unhappy orphan, destined to weep the loss of all his kindred, and to curse his assassin, if he ever knew him. Resigned and finding consolation in their virtues, that unfortunate family expected death in prison. A mistake took place in the order of the executions; the day appointed for theirs past over, and, if nobody had meddled with it, they would have escaped the scaffold, it being the eve of the Ninth of Thermidor. A man impatient to enrich himself with their spoils, repaired to the revolutionary tribunal, caused the error to be rectified; his zeal was rewarded with a diploma of civism. The order for their execution was delivered immediately, and on that very evening the frightful justice of these times had its course. This wicked informer, I am he. At the close of the day, by torchlight, the fatal cart transported that noble family to death! The father, with the impress of profound sorrow on his brow, pressed in his arms his two youngest daughters; the mother, a heroic and Christian-like woman, did the same with the two eldest; and all mingling their recollections, their tears, and their hopes, were repeating the funeral prayers. They did not even once utter the name of the assassin. As it was late, the executioner, tired with his task, entrusted it to a valet. Little accustomed to the horrible work, the valet on the way begged the assistance of a passer-by. The latter consented to help him in his ignoble function. This man is myself. The reward of so many crimes was a sum of three thousand francs in gold; and the precious articles still deposited here around me are the witnesses of my guilt. After I had committed this crime, I tried to bury the recollection of it in debauchery; the gold obtained by my infamous conduct was hardly spent, when remorse took possession of my soul. No project, no enterprise, no labor of mine, was crowned with success. I became poor and infirm. Charity allowed me a privileged place at the gate of the church, where I have passed so many years. The remembrance of my crime was overwhelming; so poignant, that, despairing of Divine goodness, I never dared to implore the consolation of religion, nor enter the church. The alms I received, yours especially, M. Abbe, aided me to hoard a sum equal to that I stole from my former masters; here it is. The objects of luxury which you remark in my room—this watch, this crucifix, these veiled portraits, were all taken from my victims. O! how long and profound has my repentance been, but how powerless! M. Abbe, do you believe I can hope pardon from God?"

"My son," said the Abbe, "your crime no doubt is frightful; the circum-

stances are atrocious. Orphans, who were deprived of their parents by the revolution, understand better than any one else, all the bitterness of the anguish suffered by your victims! A whole life passed in tears, is not too much for the expiation of such a crime. Yet the treasures of Divine Mercy are immense. Relying on your repentance, and full of confidence in the inexhaustible goodness of God, I think I can assure you of his pardon."

The priest then rose up. The beggar, as if animated by new life, got out of bed and knelt down. The Abbe Paulin de Saint C., was going to pronounce the powerful words which bind or loosen the sins of man, when the beggar cried out:

"Father, wait! before I receive God's pardon, let me get rid of the fruit of my crime. Take these objects, sell them, distribute the price to the poor." In his hasty movements the beggar snatched away the crape which covered the two pictures. "Behold!" said he—"behold the august images of my masters!"

At this sight, the Abbe Paulin de Saint C., let these words escape:—"My father! my mother!"

Immediately, the remembrance of that horrid catastrophe, the presence of the assassin, the sight of those objects, seized upon the soul of the priest, and yielded to an unexpected emotion, he fell upon a chair. His head leaning upon his hands, he shed abundant tears: a deep wound had opened afresh in his heart.

The beggar, overpowered, not daring to lift up his looks on the son of his master, on the terrible and angry judge, rolled himself at his feet, bedewed them with tears, and repeated in a tone of despair—"My master! my master!"

The priest endeavored, without looking at him, to check his grief. The beggar cried out:

"Yes, I am an assassin, a monster, an infamous wretch! M. Abbe dispose of my life! What must I do to avenge you?"

"Avenge me!" replied the priest, recalled to himself by these words—"avenge me, unhappy man!"

"Was I not then right in saying that my crime was beyond pardon? I knew it well, that religion itself would repulse me. Repentance will avail nothing to a criminal of so deep a dye; there is no forgiveness for me—no more pardon—no forgiveness."

These last words, pronounced with a terrible accent, reached the soul of the priest, his mission, and his duties. The struggle between filial grief and the exercise of his sacred functions ceased immediately. Human weakness had for a moment claimed the tears of the saddened son. Religion then stirred the soul of the servant of God. The priest took hold of the crucifix, his paternal inheritance, which had fallen into the hands of this unhappy man, and presenting it to the beggar, he said, in the strong accents of emotion:

"Christian, is your repentance sincere?"—"Yes."

"Is your crime the object of profound horror?"—"Yes."

"Our God, immolated on this Cross by men, grants you pardon! Finish your confession."

Then the priest, with one hand uplifted over the beggar, and holding in the other the sign of our Redemption, bade the divine mercy descend on the assassin of his whole family!

With his face against the earth, the beggar remained immovable at the priest's feet. The latter stretched out his hand to raise him up—he was no more!

MISCELLANEA.

SIMUL ET JUCUNDA ET IDONEA DICERE VITÆ.

MAXIMS AND REFLECTIONS.

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?—At every stage of life, in every time, in every age, man has been in continual pursuit of happiness, seeking it with all the energy of his soul, and hunting it with untiring zeal. In ancient times the *summum bonum*, or happiness, was the sole point of dispute between philosophers. Books were written on it: the greatest and most talented men spent their lives in examining it; and it was owing to the different opinions entertained concerning it, that the many sects of Greece and Rome were formed. In modern times it is sought for with equal zeal, and the means employed in its acquirement are entirely different. Ask one where happiness may be found, and he will tell you in eating and drinking, in the pursuit of pleasure, in the gratification of the senses, in the indulgence of the appetites and passions, in yielding to every desire and fanciful whim of your nature; in a word, in living and caring for yourself alone, and enjoying as best you may the brief portion of your existence.

Another tells you it consists in amassing wealth—that the possession of riches is the only happiness—that none can be happy without them.

A third, telling you to despise the others as silly and vain, bids you, “walk ambition’s diamond ridge,”—that in being courted and praised, happiness alone consists. They may answer you thus when about to make or making the attempt. But ask them when the attempt is made—when the plan is tried.

Ask the votary of wealth, when his riches are amassed, when his nearest friends have learned to distrust and suspect him, when few love and many hate him, when his heart is gnawed with care, when his days are full of toil, and his nights full of rest, is he happy?

Ask the slave of ambition, when that long-wished-for honor has been conferred on him, when his peace of mind is fled,—when in the all-absorbing longing for fame, those beings once dearest to his soul are forgotten or little loved, when he is disgusted with his position in life, and when his home, which once seemed lovely and happy, seems wretched and sad, is he happy. And if they answer with truth they will tell you, the farther they go the farther happiness is removed from them, and the more they drink the more thirsty they become. The reason is simply this, Almighty God has created man for himself; then man cannot be happy but in the possession of his God.

Now, as we see the folly of those who seek for happiness in the gratification of their passion, let us take the true path. And though we may not be happy on our journey (for not even the virtuous are happy, but they sigh for their blessed home, and long to be united to their father), the door of heaven’s banqueting-hall from time to time shall be thrown open, and the fragrance of the banquet poured out to cheer us on our way.

HINTS WORTH CONSIDERING.—There is one rule to be observed in taking exercise by walking—the very best form in which it can be taken by the young, and the able-bodied of all ages—and that is, never to allow the action of respiration to be carried on through the mouth. The nasal passages are clearly the medium through which respiration was, by our Creator, designed to be carried on. “God breathed into man’s nostrils the breath of life,” previous to his becoming a living creature.

The difference in the exhaustion of strength by a long walk with the mouth firmly closed, and respiration carried on through the nostrils instead of through the mouth, is inconceivable to those who have never tried the experiment. Indeed, this mischievous and really unnatural habit of carrying on the work of inspiration and expiration through the mouth, instead of through the nasal passages, is the true origin of almost all diseases of the throat and lungs, bronchitis, congestion, asthma, and even consumption itself. That excessive perspiration to which some individuals are so liable in their sleep, and which is so weakening to the body, is solely the effect of such persons sleeping with the mouth unclosed. And the same unpleasant and exhaustive results arise to the animal system from walking with the mouth open, instead of—when not engaged in conversation—preserving the lips in a state of firm but quiet compression. As the heat and velocity of the blood through the lungs depend almost entirely upon the quantity of atmospheric air inhaled with each perspiration, and as it is unavoidable that it should be taken in, in volume, by the mouth, whilst it can only be supplied in moderate quantities, and just in sufficient proportion to serve the purposes of a healthy respiratory action whilst supplied through the nostrils, it is clear that the body must be much lighter and cooler, and the breathing much freer and easier, when the latter course rather than the former is the one adopted. Children ought never to be allowed to stand or walk with their mouths open; for, besides the vacant appearance it gives to the countenance, it is the certain precursor of coughs, colds, and sore throats.

HOURS WITH THOSE WE LOVE.—Sweet are the hours spent with those we love—they are the honey drops which fall into the cup of our lives like gifts from heaven. From childhood to silvery age we all of us have those golden hours, and the thrill we had when young vibrates through us, despite the snows and frosts that surround us in our remotest after time, even in the day when accumulated years and experience bow us to the earth from whence we sprang. There are moments in all our lives in which the fates of all of us are born; and how frequently does this occur during the hours we have with those we loved in our spring time! A word, a look, at once a thought garnished with the flowers of poesy, or a fancy bright as a ray of sunshine from the eastern sky, breaks through the tangled web of our ideas, and up bubbles a clear spring, which, forming for itself a channel, carries us along with it and gives motive power to every one of our future actions. The immortality within us then shakes its plumes, and, like an eagle, soars into the empyrean of which it shall be the future lord. The transition from the boy to the man, after this glow and enthusiasm, rapidly goes on, and ere the mantle of youth has been cast aside, new wants and wishes create new friends and ties, and ere long a pilgrim is found at the shrine of human bliss—love. The reign of courtship commences, and the coming man

“With sweet discourse would win a lady’s ear,
Lie at her feet, and on her slipper swear
That none were half so faultless, half so fair.”

Hope, fed by fond desire, enthrals his senses and the sweetest hours of his varied life are spent in the society of the gentle girl he clasps in his pure, warm embrace, to whom he gives the kiss which makes the blood bubble to the temples from every vein and artery of the body. The first love hours of a verity are joyous ones—for if there is one pleasure in this wide world greater than another, it is that of having a lovely head nestling in your bosom while you look down upon the face turned up to yours and smile as only fond lovers can. In such moments a man feels himself to be superior to his ordinary, everyday tone of life, and unreservedly commits himself to the most generous impulses. His selfishness becomes active for good, and the poetry of his nature withdrawing him from his sensual tendencies, renders him susceptible to the finest and loftiest of human emotions, and with his manly avowal

of preference comes those "touches of sweet harmony," which lend sweetness and dignity to young hopes, and keep them unstained until the bridal hour comes in all its bewildering intensity. Then

"Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters; there to be a light
Shining within when all without is night;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing;
Winning him back when mingling in the throng,
From a vain world we love, alas! too long,
To fireside happiness and hours of ease,
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please."

GLEANINGS FROM HISTORY.

POMPEY'S PILLOW.—Scarcely any one of the monuments of antiquity is involved in so much mystery and uncertainty, or has afforded so wide a field for conjecture and the speculation of the scientific, as that known by the name of Pompey's Pillar; yet it is not one of those relics that have only recently been brought to light, but, on the contrary, is so intrusively visible as to be descried for miles around; and is one of the first objects discerned by ships making this part of the coast of Egypt, which is everywhere very low. All travellers agree that its present appellation is a misnomer; yet it is known that a monument of some kind was erected at Alexandria to the memory of Pompey, which was supposed to have been found in this remarkable column. Mr. Montague thinks it was erected to the honor of Vespasian. Savary calls it the Pillar of Severus. Clarke supposes it to have been dedicated to Hadrian, according to his reading of a half-effaced inscription in Greek on the west side of the base; while others trace the name of Diocletian in the same inscription. No mention occurring of it either in Strabo or Diodorus Siculus, we may safely infer that it did not exist at that period; and Denon supposes it to have been erected about the time of the Greek emperors or of the caliphs of Egypt, and dates its acquiring its present name in the fifteenth century. With regard to the inscription, we may observe, that it might have been added after the erection of the column.

Pompey's Pillar stands on a small eminence about midway between the walls of Alexandria and the shores of lake Mareotis, about three-quarters of a mile from either, and quite detached from any other building. It is of red granite; but the shaft, which is highly polished, appears to be of earlier date than the capital or pedestal, which have been made to correspond. It is of the Corinthian order; and while some have eulogised it as the finest specimen of that order, others have pronounced it to be in bad taste. The capital is of palm leaves, not indented. The column consists only of three pieces,—the capital, the shaft, and the base,—and is poised on a centre stone of breccia, with hieroglyphics on it, less than a fourth of the dimensions of the pedestal of the column, and with the smaller end downward; from which circumstance the Arabs believe it to have been placed there by God. The earth about the foundation has been examined, probably in the hopes of finding treasures; and pieces of white marble (which is not found in Egypt) have been discovered connected to the breccia above mentioned. It is owing, probably, to this disturbance that the pillar has an inclination of about seven inches to the south-west. This column has sustained some trifling injury at the hands of late visitors, who have indulged a puerile pleasure in possessing and giving to their friends small fragments of the stone, and is defaced by being daubed with names of persons, which would otherwise have slumbered unknown to all save in their own narrow sphere of action; practices which cannot be too highly censured, and which an enlightened

mind would scorn to be guilty of. It is remarkable, that while the polish on the shaft is still perfect to the northward, corrosion has begun to affect the southern face, owing probably to the winds passing over the vast tracts of sand in that direction. The centre part of the cap-stone has been hollowed out, forming a basin on the top; and pieces of iron still remaining in four holes, prove that this pillar was once ornamented with a figure, or some other trophy.

The operation of forming a rope-ladder to ascend the column has been performed several times of late years, and is very simple: a kite was flown with a string to the tail, and when directly over the pillar, it was dragged down, leaving the line by which it was flown across the capital. With this a rope, and afterwards a stout hawser, was drawn over; a man then ascended and placed two more parts of the hawser, all of which were pulled tight down to a twenty-four-pounder gun lying near the base (which it was said Sir Sidney Smith attempted to plant on the top); small spars were then lashed across, commencing from the bottom, and ascending each as it was secured, till the whole was complete, when it resembled the rigging of a ship's lower masts. The mounting this solitary column required some nerve, even in seamen; but it was still more appalling to see the Turks, with their ample trousers, venture the ascent. The view from its height is commanding, and highly interesting in the associations excited by gazing on the ruins of the city of the Ptolemies, lying beneath. A theodolite was planted there, and a round of terrestrial angles taken; but the tremulous motion of the column affected the quicksilver in the artificial horizon so much as to preclude the possibility of obtaining an observation for the latitude.

AN EARLY ACCOUNT OF TOBACCO.—Girolamo Benzoni, who travelled in America from 1541 to 1556, gives in his work, now recently translated from the Italian, the following account of tobacco which he first saw at Hispaniola:

"In this island, as also in other provinces of these new countries, there are some bushes, not very large, like reeds, that produce a leaf in shape like that of the walnut, though rather larger, which (where it is used) is held in great esteem by the natives, and very much prized by the slaves, whom the Spaniards have brought from Ethiopia. When these leaves are in season, they pick them, tie them up in bundles and suspend them near their fire-place till they are very dry; and when they wish to use them, they take a leaf of their grain (maize), and putting one of the other into it, they roll them tight together; then they set fire to the one end, and putting the other end into the mouth, they draw their breath up through it, wherefore the smoke goes into the mouth, the throat, the head, and they retain it as long as they can, for they find a pleasure in it, and so much do they fill themselves with this cruel smoke, that they lose their reason. And there are some who take so much of it, that they fall down as if they were dead, and remain the greater part of the day or night stupefied. Some men are found, who are content with imbibing only enough of this smoke to make them giddy, and no more. See what a pestiferous and wicked poison from the devil this must be. It has happened to me several times, that, going through the provinces of Guatemala and Nicaragua, I have entered the house of an Indian who had taken this herb, which in the Mexican language is called *tobacco*, and immediately perceiving the sharp fetid smell of this truly diabolical and stinking smoke, I was obliged to go away in haste, and seek some other place."

HALF HOURS OF RELAXATION.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED AT CHURCH.—Going early to church is a very vulgar practice; of course you are never known to be guilty of it. When you enter, make as much noise as possible, to attract attention, for that is a primary reason why you go to church. Of course you are well dressed, and all fashionable people will turn round to look at you—they like to see and be seen. Never mind the preacher; he can stop his discourse until you are seated. Having taken a conspicuous place, blow your nose like a horn at least three times—wipe your face with the same kerchief—shake it out and spread it upon your knees. Touch your neighbor slyly and whisper to him, “got any tobacco?”—there is no spittoon—never mind—’tis a public house! Having got along so far, turn round and look at the ladies: now is your time! while they are staring at that new comer, rustling in satin, as she sweeps down the aisle; inquire of the gentleman next you, “what lady is that?” You may perceive by the audible whisperings the same question is being asked by at least a dozen persons. By this time the house is nearly full, and through the noise made by the fluttering of fans and scraping of feet, you may be able to catch the thread of the sermon. The service being over, endeavor to be first at the doorway, where you can take up an eligible position to review the ladies’ faces as they press past you; the opening was intended to allow two or three persons to go out abreast, but your position will compel them to move in single file; an excellent manœuvre by which you will be enabled to inspect each one separately. The usual bows, nods, and smiles of recognition having been executed in your best style, fall in with the crowd, twirling your cane—take a friend’s arm if one offers—talk of the ladies—the fashions—the—any thing but the sermon, which of course to you will have seemed “very dull.” These are the rules generally observed here in—*Gotham*.

TO A LADY.

Believe me, if all those voluminous charms
Which thy fondness for fashion betray,
And keep e’en thy nearest relations at arm’s
Distance—some paces away;
Were those air-tubes now blown up—exploded outright,
And those hoops trundled off thee as well,
With less ample a skirt thou would’st look less a fright,
And not more belle-like when less a belle.

’Tis not by mere swells taste in dressing is shown,
And that size is not beauty ’tis clear.
Nay, the shapeliest forms when balloon-like outblown,
Both distorted and ugly appear.
Then heed not what fashions *Le Follet* may set,
Be enslaved by no follies like those;
For be sure that your dresses, the wider they get,
The more narrow your mind is disclose.

DOCTOR JOHNSON being once in company with some scandal mongers, one of them having accused an absent friend of resorting to rogue, he observed, “It is, perhaps, after all, much better for a lady to redden her own cheeks than to blacken other people’s characters.”

“One word more and I have done.” How we dread to hear this sentence from the lips of a speaker at public meetings! It is always a sure indication that he is bracing up for a fresh start.

THERE is a story on record of an architect repudiating any connection with the building fraternity, in the case of the late eminent and talented Mr. Alexander, the architect of Rochester bridge, and several other fine buildings in the county of Kent. He was under cross-examination, in a special jury case at Maidstone, by Sergeant (afterwards Baron) Garrow, who wished to detract from the weight of his testimony, and who, after asking what was his name, proceeded thus:

"You are a builder, I believe?"

"No sir; I am not a builder—I am an architect!"

"Ah, well! Architect or builder, builder or architect, they are much the same, I suppose!"

"I beg your pardon, sir; I cannot admit that; I consider them to be totally different!"

"Oh, indeed! perhaps you will state wherein this great difference consists?"

"An architect, sir, prepares the plans, conceives the designs, draws out the specifications—in short, supplies the mind. The builder is merely the bricklayer or the carpenter—the builder, in fact, is the machine; the architect the power that puts the machine together and sets it going."

"Oh, very well, Mr. Architect, that will do! And now, after your very ingenious distinction without a difference, perhaps you could inform the court who was the architect of the Tower of Babel?"

And now mark the reply—which, for promptness and wit, is perhaps not to be rivalled in the whole history of rejoinder:

"There was no architect, sir; and hence the confusion!"

"I REMEMBER," says Lord Bidden, "Mr. Justice Gould trying a case at York, and when he had proceeded for about two hours, he observed—'Here are only eleven jurymen in the box, where is the twelfth?' 'Please you, my lord,' said one of the eleven, 'he has gone away about some other business, but he has left his verdict with me.'"

BERANGER was one day complimented by a lady on the punctuality with which he kept his engagements. "It is a pleasure," said she, "to invite you to dinner, for you never make us wait." "I am no longer young, madam," replied the poet, "and experience has taught me one thing; it is dangerous not to arrive at the precise hour, for the guests who are awaiting for you will pass the time in discussing your faults."

DOUGLAS JERROLD, once writing on the idea contained in this resolution, said:

"Is it not wonderful down to the present time, women have never discovered their own tremendous strength? They have only to be of one accord, and in some hundred years at most, the human face will fade clean from the earth—fade like an old multiplication sum from a school-boy's slate."

"I NEVER complained of my condition," says the Persian poet Sadi, "but once, when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet and was contented with my lot."

How many young men are carried away by a fine, musical, charming voice—a pretty, light-footed, reeling, ball-room dancer—a lazy, lounging, street-yarning flirt—an oily-tongued, hollow-hearted, deceptive, piano-pounder, and regret their folly when, alas, too late.

ONE of the prominent physicians of New York received the other morning the following note:—Sir—Please call at No. 241,—street, this morning, and oblige me, as my wife is very sick.—Yours, Patrick B.— P. S. My wife having got well, you need not come.

REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

1. **WILD SPORTS IN THE FAR WEST.** By *Frederick Gerstaecker*. Translated from the German. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

To those who wish to read a graphic and thrilling sketch of hunting in the West, such as it was twenty years ago, we recommend this book. The author is a German, who visited this country many years ago, and spent a season as a genuine sportsman, in the wilds of our western territories. Returned to Bremen he proceeded to entertain his countrymen by an account of his travels. A fourth of the book is taken with a description of American manners and customs, and judging from the account he has given of them, we would not be led to form a very high estimate of American society. This, however, is a natural consequence to be expected from those who attempt to describe things with which they are wholly unacquainted. The balance of the book, wherein he describes a thousand hair-breadth escapes from bears, wolves, panthers, and alligators, if not very instructive, is at least very entertaining. The work, moreover, is handsomely embellished by a number of fine engravings.

2. **A WILL AND A WAY:** tales translated from the German of *T. Michel*, and *Aug. Moritz*. Boston: Crosby, Nichols & Co. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co.

This small volume contains a series of excellent tales, moral, instructive, and entertaining, and admirably adapted to the taste and capacity of the young. The admirable lessons they inculcate, are such as should at all times be strongly impressed upon the minds of youth. The scenes and incidents it describes are natural, and such as have or may happen in real life, and tend to prepare the young to act well their part in the great drama of human affairs.

3. **SEEDTIME AND HARVEST.** Tales translated from the German of *Rosale Koch* and *Maria Burg*; from the same publishers.

Another interesting book containing four entertaining stories, viz: *The Picture*; *The Country Cousins*; *The Inquisitive Boy*; and *The Little Ragman*—and embellished by several fine engravings.

4. **THE AGE OF CHIVALRY,** by *Thomas Bulfinch*, and

5. **THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON;** both from the same publishers.

The first of these books passes in review a most interesting period in medieval history. The author first entertains us with a graphic sketch of the institution of chivalry, its origin and the different degrees of its members, and then works out a readable volume from the legendary exploits of King Arthur and his knights. We would be better pleased with it, if it contained less of the fabulous, and more of the real events of the Age of Chivalry,—events equally as entertaining as any described in the language of fiction.

The *Life of Washington* is one of that class of books, which can never be too strongly, or too frequently recommended. The biography of this great man, like gold in the hand of a skilful workman, may be moulded into a thousand different forms, each charming to the view, each containing a rich store of instruction and entertainment.

Of the *Lives of Washington* written for the entertainment of youth, we know of none with which we are better pleased than the one before us. Apart from the deep vein of interest inseparable from the subject, the many beautiful illustrations which adorn this book, will make it doubly pleasing to the youthful reader.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—The suppression of the Catholic magazine, the *Correspondent*, and the trial of the celebrated Count de Montalembert for an article in it, are not only a part of the history of the day, but significant items of Catholic intelligence. The article complained of was on the India debate in the English parliament, and the trial resulted in the conviction of the great Catholic writer. A feeling of insecurity checks the appearance of new works, and never has there been so little brought forward. Of new works we notice only a work by Amedée Nicolas, entitled *Conjectures sur les âges de l'église et les derniers temps, tirées de l'apocalypse, de l'Evangile, des Epîtres des Apôtres et des prophéties de l'ancien Testament*; the translation of the *Letters of St. Catharine of Siena*, by Cartier; the completion of *Huc's Christianisme en Chine*, the fourth volume of which has appeared. Poujoulat, known for several remarkable works, has issued *Le Père Ravignan, Sa vie, ses œuvres*; and the Abbé J. B. Petitnicolas, *La certitude de la vérité Catholique établie par les connaissances naturelles et surnaturelles*. Translations have appeared in France of Cardinal Wiseman's *Recollections of the last Four Popes*, and of his *Lamp of the Sanctuary*. The visit of the Cardinal to Ireland has called out a work containing his Sermons, Lectures and Speeches, and Mr. Donahoe, of Boston, has already announced an American edition.

The Catholic body in England seem to be at a literary pause, as much so as that in France.

The Vatican Greek Testament.—We take from the *British Quarterly Review* the following remarks, in relation to this important work:—At last this long expected work, which has for the last twenty years sorely tried the patience of the Biblical scholars of Europe and America, has made its appearance. The Vatican Codex—the queen of MSS.—to inspect which Bently, Tischendorf, Tregelles, and many others have made journeys to Rome—is no longer a sealed book, an unknown volume. Here are its whole contents, given to the world, and available to all who can afford to pay the goodly price at which the work is published. As the title-page announces, the MS. is edited by Cardinal Mai, to whose laborious industry we are indebted for many other valuable works. Although but recently published, it has been long known that this edition of the Greek Scriptures has been printed some years. The Cardinal showed Tischendorf the whole five volumes ready for publication in 1843, and from the work itself we learn that it was printed so far back as the year 1838. Various reasons have been suggested to explain this unaccountable delay. Dr. Tregelles says that when Rome was in the hands of the Republican Government, Cardinal Mai offered the impression for sale to Mr. Asher, the publisher at Berlin, but the terms named by the Cardinal were deemed too high, and thus the negotiation came to nothing. Now that it is in our hands it is melancholy to reflect that the learned editor did not live to see the consummation of his labors, and that the work was finally sent forth to the world under the superintendence of another. The work is well and handsomely got up. The type is very good, and the paper very stout and capable of being written on. The text of the MS. is comprised in five stout quarto volumes, of which four contain the Old Testament, the fifth the New. The Old Testament—the Septuagint translation—is, of course valuable, having never before been correctly published; but the New Testament is beyond all comparison that which renders this work so especially important. On this account it is much to be regretted that the one cannot be separated from the other. The Old and New Testaments must be bought together. As the cost of the work is rather considerable (9*l.*), this is a serious matter to scholars, a race not usually burdened with wealth. It is true an edition of the New Testament alone, in smaller size, is announced as to follow hereafter; but the editor adds, some considerable time will, probably, first elapse. The Vatican Codex thus at length given to the world, we need scarcely say, is generally regarded as the most ancient copy of the Greek Scriptures in existence.

DOMESTIC.—In the United States a slight revival has taken place.—Dunigan & Brother have issued *The Seraphic Manual*, a new prayer book, adapted to the use of the faithful generally, and especially for the members of the third order of St. Francis; a distinguishing feature is the multitude of novenas, which will satisfy the pious for the loss of the now proscribed litanies. The same house has issued *Marian Elucod, or How Girls Live*, by one of themselves; a tale from the pen of a Catholic lady of New York.

Messrs. Murphy & Co. announce *The Life of St. Francis Xavier*, Apostle of the Indies and Japan, from the Italian of Bartoli and Maffei,—with a Preface by Dr. Faber;—and a new and revised edition of *St. Vincent's Manual*, with several other Works, to appear early in 1859.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"—Such is the brief, the joyous salutation which greets us on the first of the New Year. As friend meets friend on this auspicious morning, he proffers a kind wish for his welfare, greeting him with that time honored salutation—"A happy New Year!"

The year 1858 has flitted by, bearing with it the record of many deeds of virtue, of folly, and of crime. It has witnessed mighty achievements in science, the extension of commerce, and many generous efforts to ameliorate the social condition of man. As citizens, we rejoice at our national prosperity, and return our grateful thanks to a munificent Providence for the abundant favors he has bestowed upon us. As Catholics, we rejoice at the progress of our holy religion during the past year; at the vast increase of our churches, our religious and literary institutions, and at the numerous conversions that have been made to our holy faith.

What the new year may develop is yet a problem to be solved. One thing is certain—the turning it to good account, both in the spiritual and temporal order, will depend upon ourselves. If, as citizens, we enter it with a firm resolve to act well our part, heaven will bless our labors and cause them to bring forth fruits a hundred fold. If, as Catholics, we enter it with the proper spirit, united in purpose, as we are in faith, each resolved to do his part in his particular sphere to promote religion, to build up Catholic institutions, and to give wide circulation to Catholic literature, then may we reasonably hope that the year 1859 will witness a vast extension of the domain of Catholicity, and a corresponding increase in all the appliances of religion.

We take pleasure in placing before our readers the following beautiful Poem, from the pen of our talented contributor W. S. G., of Washington, Indiana:

A POEM,

ON THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

With head and shoulders bent,
An Old Man sadly leant
Upon a reed, as shrivelled as his form;
His locks were thin and pale,
Nor body stout and hale,
And silently he moaned amid the storm.

'Twas night, and very cold,
And all, both young and old,
Seemed rife with joy and gladness, save that one;
The fire on the hearth
Gave light to joy and mirth,
And music bright, ecstatic, seemed to run.

His life had been most strange,
A sadly witching change,
Whilst circling earth was rolling round the sun:
Erst in his youthful prime,
He shook hands with Old Time,
Nor dreamed his sands of life would fleeting run.

"A year!" he muttered low,
 "Canst be a dream or no,
 Since I with glory came in regal state—
 Since voices filled the air
 With greetings rife and rare,
 And ev'ry heart seemed filled with joy elate?

"E'en so! now Fate's decree
 Must fill the prophecy
 So oft been told of old, the fain penned;
 The hour is drawing nigh
 When I must surely die!
 My doom is sealed—my power near its end.

"But where are *they*, forsooth,
 Old age and blooming youth,
 That greeted e'en the hour of my birth?
 Alas! alas! they're flown,
 The Old Man sits alone,
 Without an allied friend upon the earth!

"Death may have torn them hence,
 As his just recompense,
 For ah! his Sythian blade is ever swung;
 Disease, his bosom friend,
 And Mars has sealed the end
 Of thousands penned his blackened scroll among.

"My mission was of peace,
 All blessings to increase,
 Though Life and Death inwoven seemed to be,—
 With my brief passing reign,
 And Misery and Pain,
 And Care and Sorrow ever walked with me.

"But now, farewell to Earth!
 The hour which gave me birth
 Will mark my passage, e'en with darkness fraught;
 Weird shadows round me steal,
 I'm growing faint—I feel—
 I die!—I go unto a world of nought!"

He ceases—then and there,
 Twelve peals vibrate the air,
 The OLD YEAR sighing passes from the earth;
 His sorrowing is done,
 His utmost sand is run,
 And Phoenix like another springs to birth!

All hail the bright New Year!
 Each heart be of good cheer!
 Nor die a thousand deaths in fearing one!
 Be cheerful—ne'er complain,
 Though Fate or Fortune reign,
 This pilgrimage through life will soon be done.

This earth, so fair and bright,
 Was made to glad the sight,
 As generations in succession rise:—
 Spring, erst with bud and bloom,
 Then Summer's sweet perfume,
 And Autumn with its golden-tinted skies.

E'en Winter, robed in white,
 Bringeth a new delight,
 As o'er the ice-bound rivulet we ply:
 Each season, in its change,
 Speaketh with language strange
 An Architect Divine beyond the sky!

His love, nor tongue can tell;
 He doeth all things well;
 And chasteneth to only make us blest;
 Though by His wise command
 Death reigns with icy hand,
 We feel His way or soon, or late, is best.

Then hail the glad New Year!
 No Christian heart need fear!
 For it hath blessings rich for us in store;
 Each soul in concert pray
 That Misery to-day
 And Care and Sorrow may be shadowed o'er

But, should they yet appear,
 Be firm—be of good cheer—
 Extract the honey and avoid the sting!
 In cheerfulness arise,
 Look upward to the skies,
 And to the Lord of Hosts your praises sing.

Unto the sinner turn,
 And speak in words that burn,
 Of Him who spurned earth's kingdoms and its dross:—
 Who e'en to save his soul
 From Hell's eternal goal,
 Poured out his precious blood upon the cross!

And don't forget the pure
 Though lowly-hearted poor,
 But ever heed their supplicating cries;
 Yes! let your hand unbound
 Swing freely all around,
 For Charity is sweet and never dies!

And now a truce to all;
 May ev'ry blessing fall
 Upon each head, at morn and eve, in fine;
 May health and sweet content
 From Heaven's gate be sent,
 To gladden ev'ry home in '59.

W. S. G.

RECORD OF EVENTS.

From November 20th, to December 20th, 1858.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

ROME.—There is great joy in Rome at the result of the English-French expedition against China. In particular the superiors of the missionary institutions have frequently deliberated since on the ways and means to turn the opening of the Chinese Empire to the advantage of the Catholic Church. It is intended to send at once, more than two hundred priests into the interior provinces of China, and for that purpose, to call on all the Catholic countries to furnish their contingent of missionaries.

The 18th witnessed the distribution of prizes at the Propaganda, the particulars of which are thus given by the correspondent of the *London Tablet*:—The proceedings commenced with the ceremony of conferring the Doctor's Cap, the recipients being Mr. Patrick MacSweeney, of Cork, and Mr. Richard Burtzell, of New York. They first knelt in front of the Prefect, reciting the Creed of Pope Pius, and confirming it with the usual form of oath; they then received the ring, and for the cap took a position, seated by the Cardinal. The whole proceeding was impressive. The distribution of prizes then followed, and occupied near two hours, as the Irish Colleges are conjoint with the College of the Propaganda, and unitedly compete for honors. We were attracted so unceasingly by the repetition of pure Hibernian names, that we appropriated two-thirds of the prizes to our sister country, and were not far astray in our estimation. Mr. William Quinn went off in the first class, a clean winner of all before him, and drew up with the gold medal and especial notice; but he was entered as *from India*, although his name and nationality evidently gave claims upon him to the rival party.

There were flowers from all nations of various shades of color, from the swarthy Nubian, who mounted the rostrum to intone the names, to the light-haired, blue-eyed Dane, who sat by my side, and showed much sympathetic excitement. Chinese were there, and dwellers on far off Syrian mountain ranges, to whom the air of Rome is said to be gradually fatal, Greeks, Armenians, &c.,—in fact, draughts from all the vast army of the Church throughout the world. There was one whose consonant nomenclature, *Thw*, startled me on paper, but which in sound, found human utterance as *Thow*. Altogether it was a privilege to be a spectator of such a scene, illustrating the universality of the Church as to place and persons, and showing the fruits garnered of all nations. I noticed a very high and delicate compliment rendered to one competitor, absent on account of ill-health, and thought it worthy of imitation in our English exhibitions, where merited. It was in these terms: "*Silvester Sembratowicz, adolescens diligentissimus, inter æquales facile præstitisset, nisi adversa valetudo eum certare prohibuisset.*"

The *Univers* gives particulars of steps just taken by Russia to secure Greek access to Jerusalem. Seven houses are to be garrisoned, as one may express it, with powers of protection to pilgrims,—five within the city, and two at points of approach. No doubt French privileges have excited to these jealous precautions in part, and an ostensible plea is offered in the security of Christian life there, but it is curious to trace how quietly Russia is thrusting out her paw here, as at Villafranca, to grip her victim when the appetite demands.

On the subject of the French occupation, of which much has been said of late, a correspondent of one of the London papers gives the following interesting particulars:—The Papal Government, that is to say, the Pope and Cardinal Antonelli, or perhaps I should say Cardinal Antonelli and the Pope, would like to get rid of their allies. Persons well able to form a just appreciation of the situation, believe that disturbances would quickly follow the withdrawal of the French troops. Of these there are about 5,000 in the Papal States, including, of course, those in the city. Were they to leave the Swiss (of whom there are barely 4,000) would be all the Government could depend upon, and they would not suffice. As to the Roman troops, I am positively assured that no reliance could be placed upon them, and that they would be much more likely to join a revolution than to co-operate in its suppression. The Roman army numbers, I believe, about 10,000 men. All these points considered, it is pretty evident that the French cannot yet be dispensed with without danger to the existing order of things. Information that has to-day reached me with respect to preparations making for their accommodation would induce me to think that their numbers are more likely to be increased than diminished. Why this should be I know not, for in their present strength they suffice to keep things quiet. On the other hand, there are persons who think it probable that, at no distant period, they will be reduced to half the stipulated number of 6,000. You are aware that they are working at a fortification or line of *enceinte* at Civita Vecchia. This, although nominally for custom-house objects, will serve for an intrenched camp. Some say that, when this is completed, as well as the railway between Rome and Civita, it will be occupied by 3,000 French troops, and that the remainder will evacuate the Papal States. The Austrians by a corresponding movement, will quit Bologna, and retire to Ancona.

PORTUGAL.—A severe earthquake took place in Lisbon on the morning of the 11th of November. Many persons were killed by the falling of walls; many houses have been shaken down entirely. One of the columns of the beautiful Estrella Church has fallen, as well as several of the saints from their niches within. Two columns of the Theatre Dona Maria Segunda have also toppled down, and it is said that the whole building is so injured that it must be rebuilt. It is believed that if the earthquake had lasted a few seconds longer it would have been as fatal as that of November 1, 1755.—Later advices state that the Archbishop of Brage has issued a circular in which he earnestly recommends the people to subscribe for the benefit of the French Sisters of Charity, who had been some months ago insulted by an infidel mob.

FRANCE.—*Napoleon's Funeral Car.*—The funeral car of Napoleon I, was lately sent by Queen Victoria to Paris under the charge of Sir J. Burgoyne, who in an appropriate speech delivered it to Prince Napoleon. The reply of the prince was as follows:

"General—I receive, in the name of Emperor, the precious relic which the Queen of England has sent to him. I receive it as a testimony of her desire to efface the poignant remembrance of St. Helena, as a pledge of the friendship which unites the two sovereigns, and as a proof of the alliance which exists between the two nations. May that alliance long continue for the happiness of the human race. May it reserve for the future as great results as those which it has already produced. I am charged by the Emperor to inform you, General, that he particularly appreciates the choice which the Queen has made of you for this mission. We are happy to have to thank one of those glorious chiefs of the English army, by the side of whom we have fought, and for whom we have retained such a high esteem." The car is to be placed in the chapel of St. Jerome, by the side of Napoleon's remains.

The trial of Montalembert for an article written by him, and published in the *Correspondent*, took place on the 24th of November, and created much attention. It

resulted in a verdict against him. He was condemned to be imprisoned six months, and pay a fine of 3,000 francs. From this he has appealed to a higher court, which has not yet decided on the subject. M. Dounoil, the editor of the *Correspondent*, was also condemned to one month's imprisonment and to pay a fine of 1,000 francs.

RUSSIA.—The Emperor Alexander has addressed the nobles of the empire in grave and severe terms on the apathy they have displayed in reference to the abolishment of serfdom. A deputation of the noblesse of Moscow having been introduced to the Czar in the Kremlin, he said that it was impossible to thank them for their co-operation. They had neither been the first nor the third to answer to his appeal; this had grieved him profoundly. The eyes of Russia were, he said, fixed on Moscow. He asked them to give him the opportunity of defending them. "I am (he said) attached to the noblesse, but I desire the general good." A letter from St. Petersburg says it is evident the noblesse silently opposes the wishes of the Emperor. The people of Russia have undoubted confidence in the Czar; this alone prevents a terrible outbreak.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.—AFFAIRS OF THE CHURCH.

1. DIOCESE OF BALTIMORE.—*A Decree from Rome.*—By a Decree of the S. Cong. of Propaganda, confirmed by His Holiness Pius IX, on the 25th July, 1858, the prerogative of place is granted to the See of Baltimore, so that in councils, assemblies, and meetings of every kind, precedence is given to the Archbishop of Baltimore for the time being, and the seat of honor above any archbishops of these Provinces that may be present, without regard to the order of promotion or consecration.

2. DIOCESE OF CINCINNATI.—A meeting of Catholics, representing the different societies, was recently held in Cincinnati to confer together on the abuses too frequently committed at funerals. At this meeting the Very Rev. Edward Purcell was called to the chair, and Dr. J. J. Quin appointed secretary. The chairman stated the object of the meeting, instanced some of the abuses that too often disgrace the funerals of deceased Catholics, and urged the necessity of devising some means to prevent such abuses.

The following plan was recommended to the consideration of the Most Rev. Archbishop and Clergy, and to the action of the Catholic associations of Cincinnati:

1st. The funeral, at which the *friends* of the deceased are expected to be present, shall be confined to the procession from the house to the church, and the obsequies performed in the church.

2d. No more than six carriages shall be permitted for the pall bearers and *immediate relatives* of the deceased.

3d. All others attending the funeral, to walk from the house to the church, and be dismissed when the obsequies are performed.

4th. The undertaker, or person having charge of the funeral, must give assurance to the Pastor that these rules have been complied with, before the church will be opened for the corpse.

On motion, it was further resolved, that all the lay Catholic societies of the city be requested to meet in the basement of the cathedral on Monday, November 29th, at 7 P. M., to consider the above plan, and take such other measures to remedy the evil complained of, as may be deemed advisable.

3. DIOCESE OF NESQUALY.—*Memorial of the Bishop of Nesqualy to the President of the United States.*—The following communication from the venerable Bishop of Nesqualy to the executive head of our government, deserves special attention. The cause of complaint is fully set forth in the communication, and we feel assured that

the subject will be honorably, equitably, and promptly met on the part of the president.

THE BISHOP OF NESQUALY TO PRESIDENT BUCHANAN.

Vancouver (W. T.), September 29, 1858.

To his excellency James Buchanan, president of the United States:—Sir,—I have the honor to present myself before you as the Bishop of the Diocese of Nesqualy, or Territory of Washington, and in the name of the Catholic clergy and laity of said diocese, to call your attention to a grave injustice which some army officers under your command are determined to inflict upon us. I come to you, sir, with the utmost confidence, and will, without the least hesitation, submit the case to your judgment, sure of a fair hearing on your part, and a disposition to do justice.

On the 6th day of March last, we received the following notification from the commanding officer of the military post of Vancouver, who caused at the same time markers to be planted through the centre of our inclosed premises:

Adjutant's Office, Fort Vancouver (W. T.), March 6, 1858.

Dear sir,—I am directed by the commanding officer of this post to say, that the improvements now in operations in the field near your church, must be confined to to the east side of the fence, situated between Mr. Galbraith's house and the school-house in your yard, and extending north till the fence near the sutler's store.

I am very respectfully, your obedient servant, HENRY HODGES,

First Lieut. and Adjutant, 4th Infantry. Post Adjutant.

Rev. T. B. Brouillet, Vicar-General, Fort Vancouver.

To this notification we replied by the following respectful protest, and verbal entreaties, not to disturb us on our premises:—

Vancouver, March 11, 1858.

Lieutenant R. X. Macfeeley, Commanding Officer, Fort Vancouver:—Dear Sir,—Having learned that it is the intention of the military authorities at this place to make such improvements and changes as will, if carried out, greatly damage the Catholic mission here, and interfere with the quiet enjoyment of their possessions, I beg leave to most respectfully protest, and do hereby protest, against any interference with the possessions or inclosures of said mission here, until the question of controversy respecting the title of the lands now occupied and claimed by said mission, shall be settled by the proper authorities.

I have the honor to be, sir, your most humble and obedient servant,

T. B. A. BROUILLET, Vicar-General.

A few months after, we received the following letter, which expresses the determination on the part of the same officers to execute their intention on the commencement of November next:—

Office Assistant Qr. Master, Fort Vancouver (W. T.), Sept. 8, 1858.

Dear sir,—I have the honor to inform you that I have received an order, from which the following is an extract, to wit:—

"I am also directed to call your attention to the instructions heretofore given in relation to the removal of the fence in the vicinity of the Catholic church, and to direct that you will cause said instructions to be complied with, as soon as the vegetables now in the lot inclosed by said fence are gathered."

You will recollect the character of these instructions alluded to above, and will also, I trust, recollect, the substance of our interview on my receipt of these instructions.

It is desired to extend every reasonable accommodation and favor toward the enlargement of your establishment here; but the guarding of the public interests on this reserve must, of course, be paramount with the commanding officer of this fort

as well as myself. It is presumed that this garrison will be much increased shortly, and that portion of land which was marked out by me some months ago will be required for public use. You are respectfully requested to make your inclosure on the west end conform to the line formerly indicated by the markers which I set down.

On the first of November a wagon road will be laid out and used daily, running near the line, and I would much prefer that you should cause the fence to be placed as requested, rather than that I shall be obliged to do it.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

RUFUS INGALLS, Capt., A. Q. M.

Rev. T. B. A. Brouillet, V. G., Catholic Mission. Present.

Sir:—Allow me to remark that you will hardly find in any of the Christian nations of the world, even in Russia, such an arbitrary act as the one determined to be inflicted upon us in the name, and by the employees, of the government of a nation which boasts to have the most liberal government of the world, and sets itself as a model of liberality to other nations. In any other country, whenever the government needs land, or any other property belonging to its subjects, it causes it to be legally valued and paid for before it dares to take and use it; and in doing so, it only does what common justice and natural law require. But in our case no such thing is done. The commanding officer of a small military post takes a fancy to a small piece of ground, the property and in the occupation of the Catholic Church, and then its satellites are sent in, markers are planted through that property, and a notification is sent to its owner, forbidding him to use it any longer, for the government wants it. But an agreement with the owner, a fair valuation and the price of the ground before it changes hands, are not even thought of.

Sir, if there was any doubt in the mind of the Military Department as to the nature of our rights, did not the duty rest on it to have the case legally investigated before taking forcible possession of the property in the hands of another who claims a title to it? Are not tribunals existing in this country to adjust such matters between the citizens and the military, as well as between the citizens themselves? Or are the military officers entitled to exercise a full and arbitrary sway over the citizens at large?

Sir, not only the inclosed premises, which the military officers are determined to encroach upon, but the whole section which contains them, and which is already extensively trespassed upon by the Military Reserve, is the property of the Catholic Church of Washington Territory, and her title to it is the first which was ever given in Oregon Territory. It is found on the first section of the Act establishing the Territorial Government of Oregon, approved August 14, 1848, Second Proviso, and reads thus: "That the title to the land not exceeding six hundred and forty acres, now occupied as Missionary Stations among the Indian tribes in said territory, together with the improvements thereon, be confirmed and established in the several religious societies to which said Missionary Stations respectively belong."

The Act grants six hundred and forty acres of land to each missionary station then in existence, and several missionary stations in Oregon and Washington Territories are already in the full enjoyment and legally acknowledged possession of the lands granted to them by said Act.

Sir, our missionary station at Vancouver counted nearly ten years of a continued and flourishing existence at the time of the passage of that Act. As the Act is general, admitting of no exception, and attaches to the grant no other condition than that of the Missionary Station's existence at the time of its passage, nothing therefore should be allowed to deprive us of the privileges and rights acknowledged to other missionary stations under the same circumstances. The land upon which our station existed at the passage of the Act (and it still exists at the same place), was then public property, the title whereof was vested in the Government of the United States, and which, consequently, said government had a right to dispose of it as it

pleased. There had never been any American settler upon that land previous to the establishment of the Missionary Station, and no grant nor title of any kind had been made to anybody previous to the Act of August 14, 1848. The Hudson's Bay Company was the only one that claimed the occupancy of that ground; but it is well known that that Company never pretended to claim the title or ownership of the land, and always confined its pretensions to certain privileges and a temporary occupation of the land, all of which went under the name of "possessory rights;" and these rights it yielded to us, in regard at least to our actual inclosed premises, when it graciously allowed the establishment of the Missionary Station and the unlimited and unconditional occupancy of the ground which it permitted us to fence in.

The military officers cannot, more than any other person, set claim to our enclosed premises, nor to any portion of the whole section granted to us by the above Act, though they have been for several years trespassing upon it; because an Act established and confirmed our title to that section nearly six years before it was set apart as a military reserve.

Sir, aside from our legal grounds claiming respect for our property, shall I be allowed to remark with some hope of influencing your final determination, that the intended encroachment on our inclosed premises will be a great injury to us without hardly benefitting the public service. We need every inch of these premises for the furtherance of our various religious, educational, and charitable institutions; for being not quite four hundred feet by four hundred, they contain a church, a bishop's residence, a pastorship, a convent of Sisters of Charity, a boarding and day school for girls, a boarding and day school for boys, and a hospital, all establishments which need their separate yards, their play grounds, &c. &c. Would it, sir, be fitting the government of a great nation to put so many benevolent institutions to such an inconvenience after more than twenty thousand dollars have been expended for their establishment, and especially when it is well known here that the public service will hardly derive any benefit from the encroachment.

Our premises, small as they are, are surrounded on all sides by good roads which, for eight years, have answered all the purposes of the military post. Could not the same roads continue to answer the same purposes until competent tribunals have settled all matters of contestation?

Sir, a road of much greater convenience to the military post than the one now in contemplation, which had been marked out several months ago through a field of the Hudson's Bay Company, has been stopped upon the protest of said company, through respect for its rights. Shall I flatter myself that bare and simple justice will have as much influence in securing respect to the rights of my church as the support of a foreign nation had in securing it to those of a powerful company?

I have the honor to be, most respectfully, sir, your most humble and obedient servant.

(Signed)

A. M. A. BLANCHET, Bishop of Nesqually.

True Copy. J. B. A. BROUILLET, V. G.

A cotemporary in alluding to this memorial, thus speaks of the labors and the benefits conferred upon the country by the Catholic missionaries among the Indians in the North-western territories: "Any man who has watched the labors of the devoted Catholic missionaries who have consecrated themselves to the service of the poor Indians in the North-western Territory, will readily grant that the claims of the missionaries in the encouragement and support of the United States Government can scarcely be overrated; for it was not the aborigines alone who were benefitted by the prayers and self-denial of the men who had left all for their sake. The settlers on the frontiers looked upon the presence of the priest in the Indian camp as a guarantee of peace. The Government itself, which experienced more than once the beneficial influence exercised by them among the various Indian tribes, is under obligations which have been at times grudgingly acknowledged, but never adequately ful-

filled. The life of many a missionary has been sacrificed, and his health broken in introducing Christianity and the blessings of settled habits among the roving sons of the forest. Their aim was, while training the Indian for heaven, to prepare him for the changes which, sooner or later, must come, when the man of civilization should reach him in his North-western home. To some extent the plan has succeeded, but at the cost of immense suffering. In view of these considerations we cannot believe that the appeal of Bishop Blanchet will fail to call forth a generous response from the proper quarter. It cannot be, that property honestly acquired and devoted to the noblest of purposes—the civilization of the poor Indian—will be wrested from its rightful owners and sacrificed to the mere convenience of military improvements. If imperatively required for military or other public purposes, the present administration, we confidently hope, has too great a respect for the vested rights to occupy one foot thereof without making just compensation to the present proprietors."

SECULAR AFFAIRS.

MEETING OF CONGRESS.—Congress met on Monday, December 6th. At noon the Speaker called the House to order, and two hundred members answered to their names. On motion a committee of the House in connection with that of the Senate waited on the president, and informed him that a quorum of both houses were present and ready to receive any communication that he was pleased to make. The message of the president was received about two o'clock, and read. It is very lengthy and occupied several hours in the reading. The president opens his message by congratulating the country on the contrast of the agitation which existed in Kansas a year ago with the peace and quiet that now prevails. He refers to the constitution and re-affirms his position on that subject, and thinks that if Kansas had been admitted with that constitution the same quiet would have been secured at an earlier day, being perfectly willing to acquiesce in any other constitutional mode of settlement. He signed Mr. English's bill, and probably when Kansas again applies for admission she will have the population required by that bill. He goes at length into the subject, and recommends the passage of a general law so that no new State shall be admitted unless she has a population sufficient to entitle her to one representative. He congratulates Congress on the settlement of the Utah affair without the effusion of blood. He compliments the officers of the army there, and expresses satisfaction with the course of Governor Cumming, and honorably mentions Colonel Kane.

He refers to the importance of the treaties recently negotiated with China and Japan, and thinks the result in the former case justified our neutral policy. He congratulates the country on the abandonment of the right of search by Great Britain, and in reference to Central America, says that negotiations are still progressing, and he has not yet abandoned the hope of success. He speaks of the necessity of enforcing our claims against Costa Rica and Nicaragua, and of Mexico as in a condition of civil war, with scarcely any hope of a restoration to a permanent government. He refers to the causes which led to a rupture of the diplomatic relations there. He recommends the taking possession of a portion of Mexico, sufficient to indemnify us or all our claims and grievances, in the north of Mexico, bordering on our territory. He says that Cuba ought to belong to us, and recommends that steps be taken for its purchase. As we acquire all new territory by honorable negotiation, this should not be an exception.

THE MORTARA CASE.—This case has led to a correspondence between certain individuals and General Cass, Secretary of State, which is worthy of being placed on record for future reference. The Jews, it is well known, have been recently holding public meetings in different parts of the country in relation to this case, and Mr. Hart in behalf of a Jewish congregation in Philadelphia, addressed a communication to General Cass on the subject, to which the honorable Secretary gave the following reply:

Department of State Washington, Nov. 21, 1858.

Sir,—I have received and submitted to the president your letter of the 15th inst., respecting the alleged forcible abduction from his parents of a Jewish child, by the public authorities of Bologna, in the Papal dominions, and asking some expression of condemnation on the part of this government.

The occurrence took place within the territories of an independent power, and without affecting the rights of any American citizen. It is the settled policy of the United States to abstain from all interference in the internal concerns of the country.

Certainly there is nothing in the circumstances of this case, as they are reported, which would impose this reserve upon the government. But it is deemed proper to adhere to the established principle which has heretofore regulated its conduct and intercourse with other nations.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

LEWIS CASS.

This expression of the settled and wise policy of our government did not satisfy Mr. Hart, and he wrote another letter to General Cass, calling his attention to the action of our government in 1840, during Mr. Van Buren's administration, in relation to the cruelties to the Jews in Damascus. To this second letter of Mr. Hart, General Cass responds that he can find no reason to change the views he communicated in his first letter, which were to the effect that the abduction of the Mortara boy took place within the territories of an independent power, and without affecting the rights of any American citizen—under such circumstances it was the settled policy of the United States to abstain from all interference, as they expect other nations to abstain from all interference in the internal concerns of this country. General Cass, in his response, further says:

In this additional letter which you have addressed to me you introduce an extract of a letter from this department, dated August 14, 1840, to the American Consul at Cairo, speaking in just terms of reprehension of the atrocious calumnies which the Jews of Damascus had been then recently subjected to, and of the terrible cruelties which had been inflicted upon them. And considering this as a case of intervention and as a proof that no such settled policy as that indicated have been adopted by the United States, you consider also, "that the public support and influence by the good offices of our government was consistently asked for a suppression of such wrongs to humanity, as were the occasion of my former note, etc." I have no remarks to make respecting the proceedings of the government in this case at Damascus, which was marked by the most calumnious representations of the Jewish people, and in which excruciating tortures were inflicted, and many lives sacrificed. But I think it proper to observe that this single action, on the part of the government, can scarcely be said to change that character of national reserve which I attribute to our foreign policy. Those principals of our external intercourse may well be said to be established, which during the seventy years of our national existence, and in a stirring period, abounding with great events, everywhere exciting corresponding interest, have been adhered to with that steadiness of purpose which, almost without exception, has marked the conduct of our government while dealing with these subjects.

There are cruelties and outrages of such a revolting nature that it is natural, laudable indeed, that when they occur they should meet with general condemnation. But this duty to "outraged humanity" should be left to the action of individuals, and the expression of public opinion; for it is manifest that if our government assumes the power to judge and censure the proceedings of another, or the laws it recognizes in cases which do not affect their own interests or the rights of their citizens, the intercourse of nations will soon become a system of crimination and recrimination hostile to friendly communication; for the principle of interference being once admitted, its application may be indefinitely extended, depending for its exercise on the opinion which each country may form of the civil policy of another and of the practical operation. There is no people who would rebuke with more asperity such intermeddling with their affairs than would the people of the United States, and it becomes us to maintain the same reserve towards other countries which we expect them to observe towards us. Human governments are necessarily imperfect, and neither the United States nor any other nation can claim exception from the common attribute.

If any of the powers of the old world should believe there "were wrongs in suffering humanity" in this country, the same principle which would justify this government in acceding to your application would justify them in a similar measure should they deem the circumstances of any case sufficiently grave to call for their interposition.

The following interesting table is taken from the *Metropolitan Catholic Almanac and Laity's Directory*, for 1859, recently published by Messrs. Murphy & Co.

SUMMARY OF CATHOLICITY IN THE UNITED STATES.

DIOCESSES.	Churches and Chapels.	Priests.	Ecclesiastical Institutions.	Male Relig' Institutions.	Female Relig. Institutions.	Lit. Inst's for Young Men.	Female Academies.	Asyl'ns, Hospitals, &c.	Population reported.
BALTIMORE.....	98	127	3	2	10	7	9	11	
Charleston.....	20	16	3	10,000
Erie.....	33	19	19,000
Philadelphia.....	153	142	2	
Pittsburg.....	74	79	1	4	2	3	5	6	50,000
Richmond.....	17	13	12,000
Savannah.....	10	13	8,000
Wheeling.....	17	9	2	10,000
Vicariate of Florida.....	6	3	1	...	
9	427	420	6	10	21	15	21	34	
CINCINNATI.....	123	112	1	7	8	3	11	7	150,000
Cleveland.....	79	57	...	9	4	1	3	3	
Covington.....	23	20	20,000
Detroit.....	56	43	1	5	...	
Fort Wayne.....	29	28	...	2	3	1	3	4	25,000
Louisville.....	63	70	2	4	3	5	10	4	60,000
Sant Ste. Marie.....	23	16	...	1	2	...	1	...	7,000
Vincennes.....	78	42	1	2	15	2	
8	479	388	4	25	22	10	51	21	
NEW ORLEANS.....	73	92	1	4	4	1	1	11	
Galveston.....	42	43	...	2	2	1	3	...	
Little Rock.....	16	10	3	1	3	...	
Mobile.....	12	27	...	2	1	1	3	3	
Natchez.....	14	14	...	1	3	5	3	4	10,000
Natchitoches.....	16	15	4	1	3	...	
6	173	201	1	9	17	10	16	18	
NEW YORK.....	78	124	1	3	3	4	12	5	
Albany.....	118	84	...	1	2	1	1	10	
Boston.....	85	78	...	1	2	1	4	2	
Brooklyn.....	34	31	...	2	5	...	3	2	
Buffalo.....	102	106	2	9	17	2	9	14	100,000
Burlington.....	25	13	1	...	1	1	
Hartford.....	52	43	3	3	90,000
Newark.....	46	41	...	1	2	1	2	2	
Portland.....	36	25	...	1	1	...	1	...	40,000
9	576	544	3	19	34	10	33	39	
OREGON CITY.....	7	7	1	
Nesquehly.....	6	15	...	1	1	1	1	1	
2	13	22	...	1	1	1	1	1	
St. Louis.....	68	120	3	3	14	17	12	25	120,000
Alton.....	64	49	...	1	1	...	1	...	55,000
Chicago.....	73	65	...	2	3	1	2	3	
Dubuque.....	62	54	...	3	6	3	6	1	
Milwaukee.....	189	103	1	3	6	4	13	5	160,000
Nashville.....	14	12	...	1	1	...	1	...	10,000
Santa Fe.....	83	26	1	...	1	...	1	...	83,000
St. Paul.....	31	27	...	2	5	...	4	1	50,000
Vicariate of Kansas, &c.....	13	16	...	2	3	4	
9	599	463	5	17	40	25	40	39	
SAN FRANCISCO.....	43	51	1	3	5	2	3	3	
Monterey.....	24	19	...	1	1	...	2	3	28,000
2	67	70	2	4	6	4	5	6	

RELIGION IN THE UNITED STATES.

1859.	1849.	1839.
Provinces..... 7	Provinces..... 3	Provinces..... 1
Dioceses..... 43	Dioceses..... 30	Dioceses..... 16
Vicariates..... 2	Bishops..... 26	Bishops..... 18
Bishops..... 45	Priests..... 1,090	Priests..... 478
Priests..... 2,104	Churches..... 966	Churches..... 418
Churches..... 2,334		

In 1774 there were only **NINETEEN PRIESTS** in the United States (then Colonies).

In 1790 there was **ONE BISHOP** and **TWENTY PRIESTS** in the United States.

On the 7th of November, 1791, the first Clerical Synod in the United States was convened by Bishop Carroll. There were only twenty Priests present, probably very nearly the whole number of the clergy. Among these is recorded the name of Rev. Laurence Græstel, S. J., who was soon after appointed Coadjutor to Bishop Carroll. He died, before consecration, in the service of those suffering from yellow fever, at Philadelphia. His death is mentioned in a letter of Cardinal Antonelli, bearing date September 1st, 1794.

Rev. Leonard Neale was appointed Bishop of Gortyna, *in part.*, erected by a Papal Brief, dated April 17th, 1795. He was consecrated on the 2d Sunday of Advent, December 7th, 1800.

There were then in the U. States **TWO BISHOPS** and *probably about FORTY PRIESTS*.

In 1808 the See of Baltimore was made an Archbishopric, with four Suffragan Sees—Bardstown, Boston, New York and Philadelphia.

OBITUARY.—*Death of the Very Rev. Dr. Deluol.*—It is with deep regret that we record the death, at the Seminary of St. Sulpice, in Paris, of this distinguished clergyman, who was at one time president of St. Mary's College, Baltimore, and for many years Superior of the Theological Seminary connected with that institution. We are indebted to an exchange for the following interesting particulars of the lamented deceased:

"Dr. Deluol was a native of the South of France, and emigrated to Baltimore about forty years ago, from which period, until his departure from the city, in 1849, he was generally and favorably known to all classes and denominations in our community. He was a man of large attainments in classical scholarship, and in the learning of his profession, and was remarkable likewise for his knowledge of men and his general administrative ability. For many years he was prominently connected with the government of that most admirable and exemplary Society, the Sisters of Charity, and assisted greatly in laying the foundations of their extended usefulness throughout the Union. Within the limits of the Church at whose altars he ministered, it is impossible to over-estimate the veneration and affection of which he was the object. The highest dignities within its gift were over and again at his command; and his counsels were at all times of the widest and most elevated influence. But his genial and kindly nature knew no distinction of religious opinions, and his personal relations with all his fellow citizens, Protestant as well as Catholic, were of the most cordial and attractive character. He was deeply attached to the institutions of the United States, of which he early became a naturalized citizen, and bore back with him, to the retreat of his declining years, all the sympathies and yearnings of one born in our midst. Few citizens of Baltimore who have visited Paris, since he returned there, have omitted to seek for him in the quiet cloister of St. Sulpice, and none who have saw him can have failed to bring away with them the most grateful impressions of his unaffected gentleness and simple piety. To the many among our people who were educated under his care, the tidings of his death—even advanced in years and broken with infirmities as he was—will be a source of genuine sorrow. To the members of his immediate communion they will bring yet deeper grief, for he was a man whose sacred calling was blended in its exercise with all the promptings of a warm and tender heart, and with whom the relation of pastor could not be otherwise than that of companion and friend also. Few in their day and generation have it illustrated as nobly or as beautifully as he, the character of a Christian gentleman; and none can have departed with an humbler yet firmer hope, to their reward."

Died on the 23d of November, in Louisville, Kentucky, the **REV. E. A. CLARKE**.

Died recently in Boston, the **REV. JOHN T. RODDAN**, in the 40th year of his age.

Died December 11th, at the Church of St. Francis Xavier, New York, the **REV.**

FATHER LARKIN.

Died at the Convent of Mercy, Chicago, on the 5th of December, **SISTER MARY BONAVENTURE.**

Died, December the 4th, at the House of the Sisters of Charity, near Cincinnati, **SISTER MARY IGNATIA**, in the 25th year of her age.

Died in the City of Buffalo, on the 6th of December, **SISTER M. CATHERINE**, in the 26th year of her age.

Died at the Carmelite Convent, in this city, on the 4th of December, **SISTER MARY ELEANOR**, in the 86th year of her age, and the 47th of her conventual life.

May they rest in peace

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